

SICK

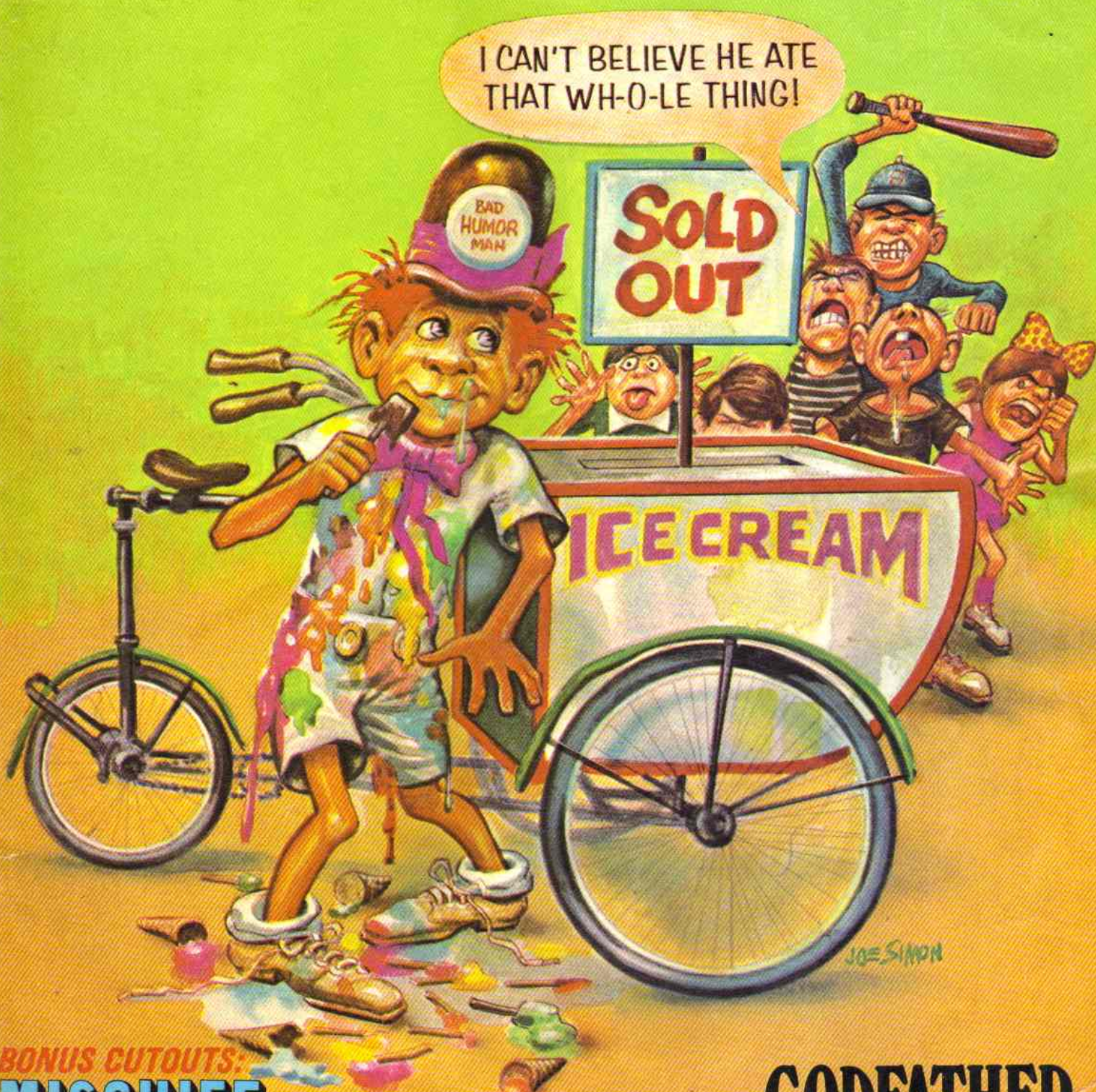
No. 92

Try It... You'll Like It!

mac
16188

40¢

DECEMBER
1972



JOE SIMON

BONUS CUTOUTS:
**MISCHIEF
STICKERS**

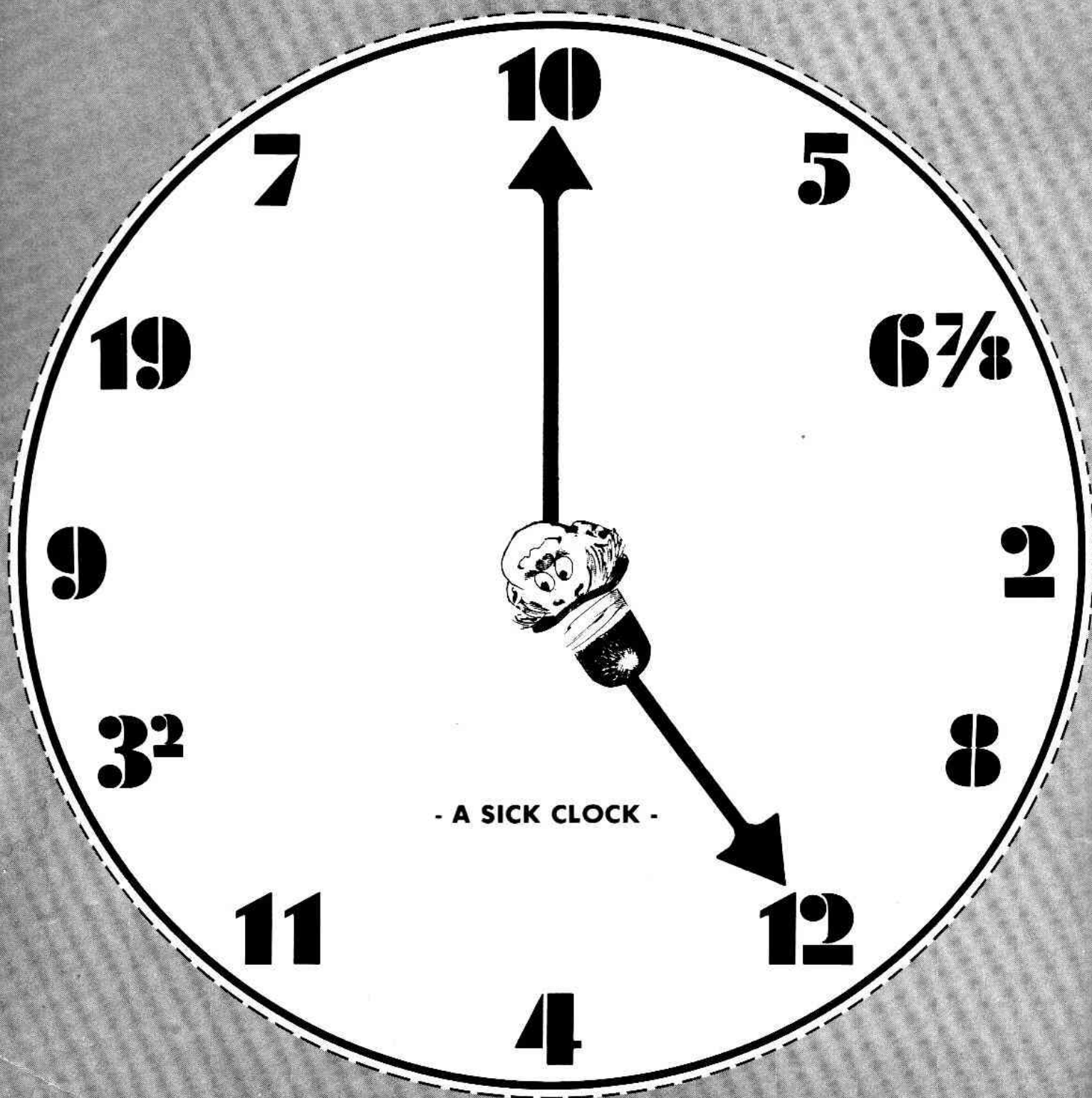
SICK
MOVIE: **THE HOSPITAL**

GODFATHER
JOB APPLICATION

SPECIAL CUTOUT BONUS:



CLOCK



PASTE ON WALL — DRIVE PEOPLE CRAZY!

SICK

No. 92

December 1972

Volume 12 Number 5

"So if the world isn't Jewish, how come
the sun's name is Sol?"

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PLAYMATE Of The Month.	In Center-Fold
PROVERBS Of The Month.	In Page Margins
POVERTY Of The Month.	In Sales Office

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SICK is published quarterly plus an Annual by Hewfred Publications, Inc. Editorial and executive offices, 919 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Single copy 40¢, subscription rate in the United States and possessions \$1.60 for 4 issues. Second-Class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and all material must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Entire contents copyrighted © 1972 by Hewfred Publications, Inc., 919 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved throughout the world under the Universal Copyright Conventions, the International Copyright Convention, and the Pan American Copyright Convention. Printed in the U.S.A.

ATTENTION WORLD: The meek shall inherit the Earth, but not the mineral rights...



GOOD NEWS:
SICK CONTEST

(page 16)

BAD NEWS:
Wait'll you see what it is!

You think
this picture
is weird... wait'll
you see the
centerfold!

Sickcerely yours:

In reference to issue No. 90, June 1972—

1. Does John Dromey not know a shark from a porpoise in physical appearance? (p. 32)
2. Does Jack Sparling believe that the Merchant Mariner might be assigned to submarine duty? (p. 34)
3. Does not John Langton really know in which country the city of Hiroshima is located? (p. 36)
4. Are you taking applications for associate editor, or perhaps proof reader?

Raymond Krebs
Cheney, Wash.

ED. NOTE: Numbers 1 and 2 sound fishy to us, we're still investigating. On Number 3 we intend to give Langton the "bomb's rush." As to Number 4, we're interested—how much money you asking?

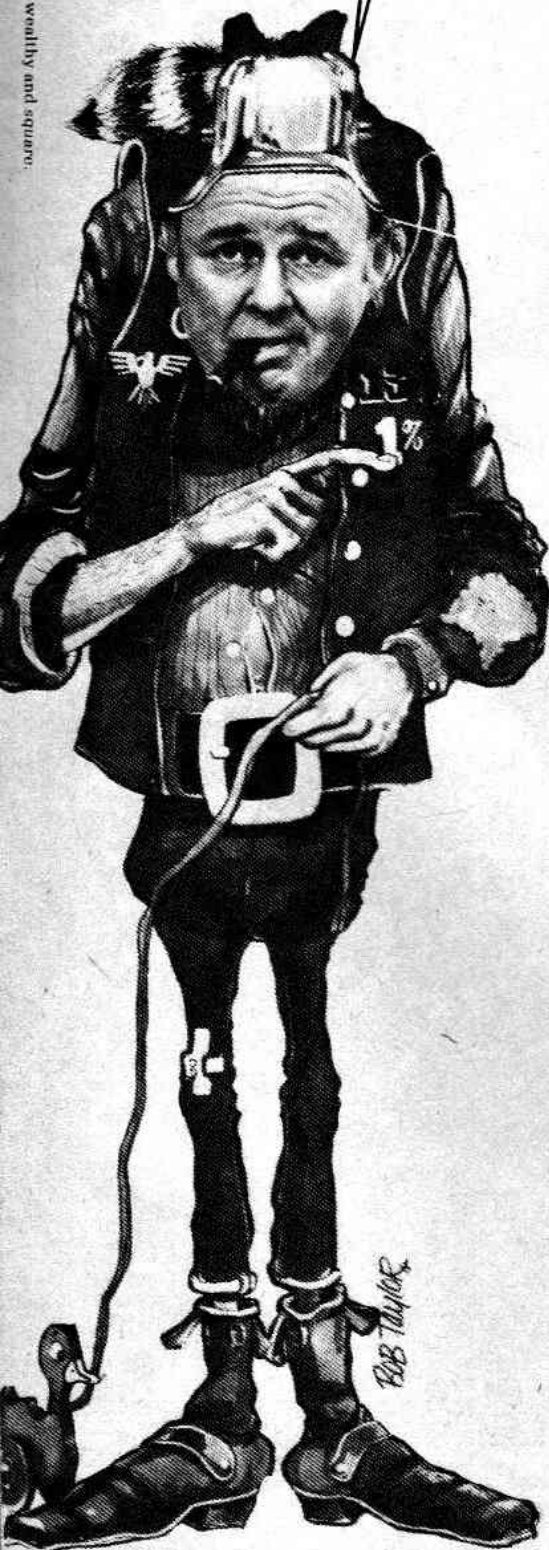
I read your magazine all the time and I think it's great. I write a lot of things for school papers, etc., that are like some of the articles in your magazine. I was wondering, if I wrote a good article, would it have any chance of appearing in your magazine?

Scott Galin
Great Neck, N.Y.

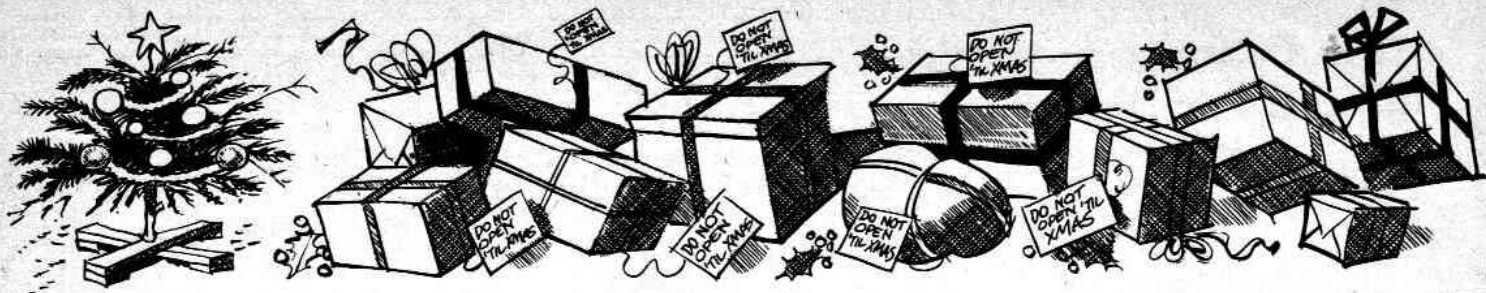
ED. NOTE: Not much, but good letters are sure to get in!

Your June issue was just great! Your Poster of the Month, Wall Street Stock Certificates, Sick Looks At Pollution, How To Speed Up The Action In Baseball, Shark Jokes and the article on John Wayne in The Cowboys were the best. You're doing a great job!

Lee Ross
Lewisville, Texas



for more **NIXON NIFTIES** see page 36



Please print this in your next issue of SICK: Wanted: As many pen pals as possible. I'm lonely.

Kevin Church
Newark, N.J.

ED. NOTE: What? A church should be lonely?

I am very much interested in obtaining back issues of SICK. The ones I would like are any from 73 on back. I would gladly pay 50¢ for them if you have any. If you do not have any, maybe you could tell me the name of a collector who has some to sell.

Mike Alford
McComb, Miss.

ED. NOTE: Back issues of SICK are not available at present. From time to time we publish news of collectors offering to sell. Keep posted for this.

I think your magazine would be top. I know Mad Magazine is rated 1st. I also know that after I have read both I consider yours better. Please! Would you send me a large picture of the face on your May issue. Also would you send me a subscription for SICK Magazine?

Mike Gore
Hobart, Indiana

ED. NOTE: We knew the first part of your letter was too good to be true!

Glad to see that Joe Simon is back in your book. He's been sorely missed. Joe is one of the true geniuses of comic art.

John Viardi
Cincinnati, Ohio

I think SICK SICK WORLD is your best feature. I'm a night club comedian and I always find funny lines I can use in there. Many thanks...

Len Carter
Chicago, Ill.

That King Kong—Fay Wray Mar-

riage Contract was hilarious. Fred Wolfe has done it again!

Toni Del Monte
Los Angeles, Cal.

I was happy to see that you finally got around to using Art Buchwald in your magazine. It's about time. He's out top satirist and he gives your magazine a lot of class!

Bob Schwartzkoff
Phila., Pa.

Enjoyed your spread on Archie Bunker in the July issue. It was much better humor than the show,

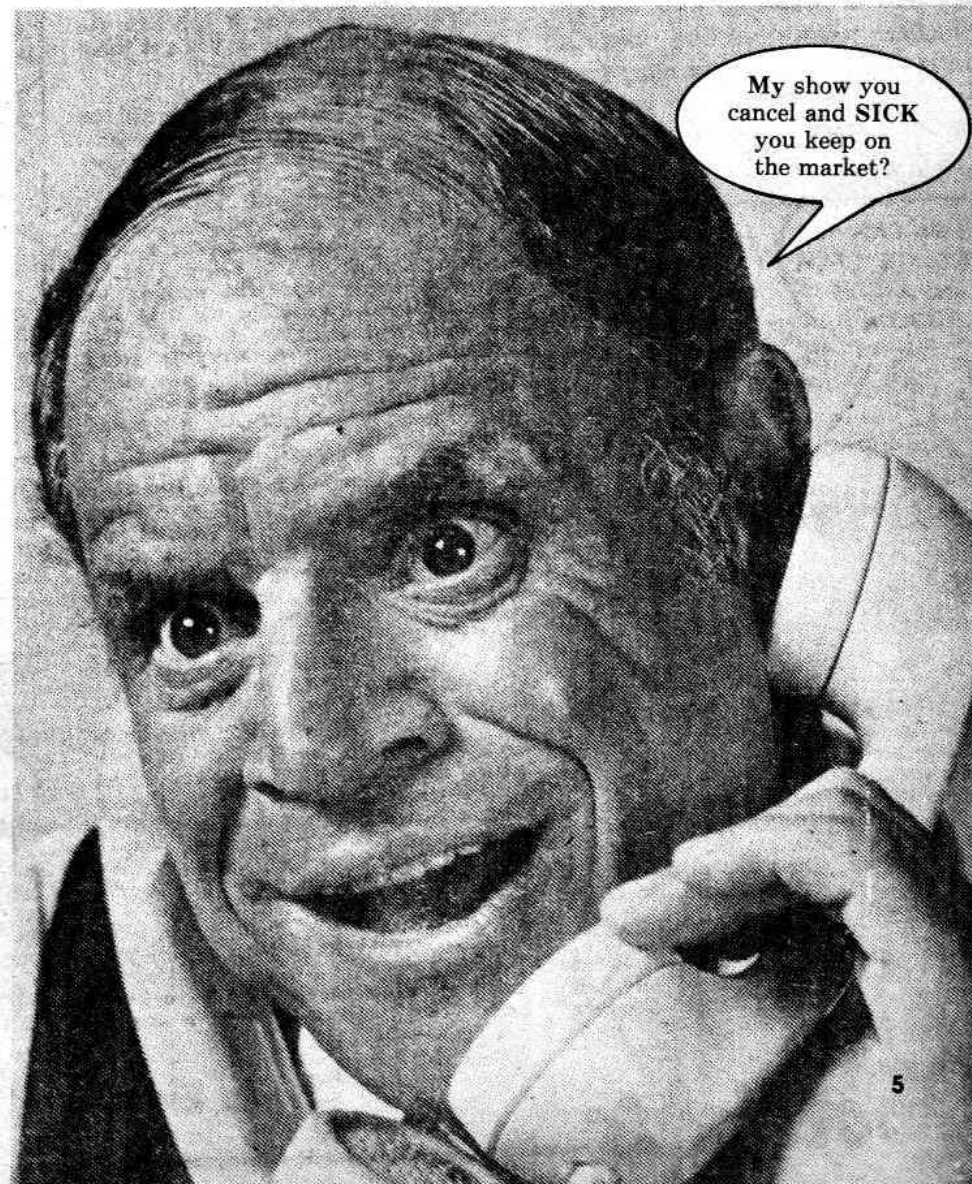
which I find obnoxious. Keep up the good work.

Marie Kendell
Enid, Oklahoma

Your review of the Hot Rock was better than the movie. I love all your reviews. The only thing I would say is that you tell the endings. This isn't good for people who didn't see the movie yet.

H. Martin, Jr.
Topeka, Kansas.

ED. NOTE: Good point, but the ending is the best part of all those movies. Mainly because everybody is glad when it's over!



This being an election year, the big question is... who will happen to the country...

IF DIFFERENT POLITICIANS

Script by BOB HEIT

IF GEORGE WALLACE IS ELECTED PRESIDENT



- Our boys will be brought home from Vietnam and turned loose in the ghettos.
- A new State will be created for all minority groups. It will be a half-acre in the middle of Wyoming.
- In the interest of law and order, a policeman with a machine gun will be stationed on every corner of every city in America with orders to "Shoot anything that moves!"
- The NAACP will be moved to their new headquarters in the Okefenokee Swamp.
- The Mason-Dixon Line will be moved a little farther north—across Bangor, Maine.

IF HUBERT HUMPHREY IS ELECTED PRESIDENT

- The Inauguration Speech will last his entire term, so nothing would happen in the country.
- By the end of his second term, the entire nation will have fallen asleep.
- America will once again return to the middle of the road and remain in that mediocrity for eight long years.
- Mothers will threaten their children with a Humphrey-Dumphrey doll. You don't even have to wind it up and it goes.
- Republicans and Democrats alike will demand a recount.



IF EDMUND MUSKIE IS ELECTED PRESIDENT



- The "Lincoln Look" will take over the country, and people will be afraid to sit in theatre balconies.
- Polish jokes will start to be big again, and Muskie will be the biggest one of them all.
- The White House will be moved to Maine, and Maine will be moved to the White House.
- Raymond Massey will be signed to do "The Edmund Muskie Story."
- Edmund Muskie will be signed to do "The Raymond Massey Story."

be elected? But an even bigger question is, what will

ARE ELECTED PRESIDENT

IF GEORGE MCGOVERN IS ELECTED PRESIDENT

- The war in Vietnam will be over but the war in Mississippi will just begin.
- America will become so liberalized that .98% of the people will be on welfare, the other .02% complaining about having to support them.
- His personality will continue to be so bland that there won't be any good political humor in this country till the next Administration.
- He will reward the show business figures who helped elect him by naming Warren Beatty as Secretary of State and Shirley MacLaine as Attorney-General.
- Nixon will have a heart attack.

Art by JACK SPARLING



IF TED KENNEDY IS ELECTED PRESIDENT

- Impersonators with Boston accents, who've been shining shoes the past ten years, will make a comeback on all the TV talk shows.
- Gun control laws will be passed, as well as bow-and-arrow control, razor-blade control, slingshot control, hatpin control and spitball control.
- There will be a ban on all driving across small bridges, especially near ferry stations.
- Touch football will be "in" again and swimming will be "out."
- He will divorce his present wife and marry Bella Abzug.

IF RICHARD NIXON IS RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT

- Confusion will continue to grow as he continues to make everything perfectly clear.
- He will keep on his policy to "bring us together" until we're a nation of 200 million minorities.
- He will announce he has a new secret plan to end the war in Vietnam by 1976.
- He will also announce just before Election time, that he will be the first civilian to visit the Moon.
- The entire country will demand a recount.



IF OTHER CELEBRITIES ARE ELECTED PRESIDENT



IF RALPH NADER IS ELECTED PRESIDENT

he will have the entire state of Detroit recalled because of defective parts.



IF GEORGE C. SCOTT IS ELECTED PRESIDENT

he will simply send in a nasty letter refusing to accept the Presidency.



IF HOWARD HUGHES IS ELECTED PRESIDENT

the entire Federal Government will be conducted by rumors from Nevada.



IF MARLON BRANDO IS ELECTED PRESIDENT

there will be a real communications gap as nobody would understand a word he said.



IF MUHAMMED ALI IS ELECTED PRESIDENT

a new constitutional amendment will limit the Presidency to 15 rounds.



IF DAVID FROST IS ELECTED PRESIDENT

he will spend his entire term just interviewing the candidates he defeated.



IF HUCKLEBERRY FINK IS ELECTED PRESIDENT

it will make us all one again, as everybody together will get sick.

JOB CHANGES THAT NEVER SHOULD HAVE BEEN MADE

The Gypsy who becomes a Jewish chiser... he opens up a chain of empty stores!

The Stamp Collector who becomes a grocer... he takes too long handling trading stamps with tongs!

The Masseur who becomes a Night Club Comic... he keeps rubbing the people the wrong way!

The Presidential Press Secretary who becomes a Hospital Worker... he can never make any admissions!

The Sword Swallower who becomes a Glass Blower... he suffers from stomach pains!

The Hearse Driver who becomes a Taxi Driver... he won't move until there are at least six other cars behind him!

The Crossword Puzzle Writer who becomes a Gravedigger... he digs graves six down, three across!

The Karate Expert who becomes an Army Officer... he kills himself saluting!

The Call Girl who becomes a Jewish Mother... she comes up to your room at night and feeds you chicken soup!

The Labor Union Negotiator who becomes a Baseball Umpire... he keeps asking for a pay raise after every strike!

The Bass Player who becomes a Gigolo... everytime he holds a woman he strums her!

The Salesman who becomes a Bank Teller... he keeps forgetting and takes home samples!

The Hollywood Star who becomes a Marriage Counselor... he takes his home problems to the office!

The Football Player who becomes an Ecumenical Council Head... he can't help trying for the conversion!

The Psychedelic Artist who becomes a Color TV Repairman... he keeps on saying "So what's wrong with the picture?"

created by
JOHN DROMEY
(who is now out of a job)



**You'll float away in splendor
when you book passage on...**

NOAH'S ARK

**SAIL AROUND THE WORLD IN
40 DAYS AND 40 NIGHTS
(COUPLES ONLY)**

**BOOK NOW...
BEFORE THE FLOOD
OF RESERVATIONS**

**Contact the
OLD TESTAMENT LINES
today!**



We recently read that more people are taking cruises today than ever before. Which got us to thinking. Mainly, what if they had these cruises way back then. Like for example, these...

CRUISE ADS FO

**QUEEN ISABELLA
ANNOUNCES A MYSTERY
DISCOVERY CRUISE TO A PLACE
NOBODY KNOWS (not even us)**

sponsored by the
ITALIAN-AMERICAN LEAGUE



**3 EXCITING SHIPS
TO CHOOSE FROM:
NINA, PINTA AND
SANTA MARIA
(cheaper rates in lifeboats)**

**TAKE THE SHORTEST ROUTE
FOR THE LONGEST NIGHT
MEET NEW PEOPLE
CONQUER NEW WORLDS
FLAT BOTTOM RATE**

Your Host
CHRIS COLUMBUS
"That Italian Barrel Of Fun"

Let us take you away from everything...

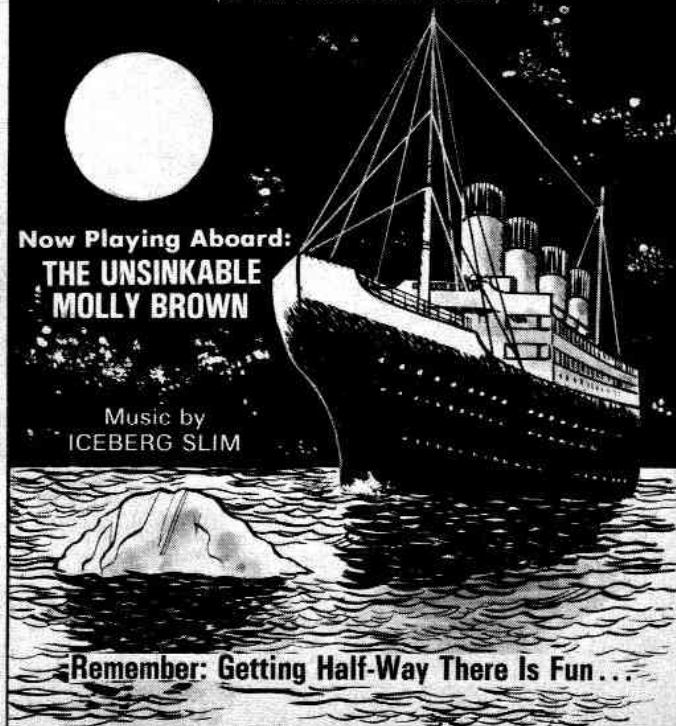
S.S. TITANIC

"THE TRIP OF A LIFETIME"

Mingle with the Astors, Vanderbilts, Rothschilds
(at the bottom of the sea)

Now Playing Aboard:
THE UNSINKABLE
MOLLY BROWN

Music by
ICEBERG SLIM



Remember: Getting Half-Way There Is Fun...

FIREWORKS ABOARD EVERY NIGHT!

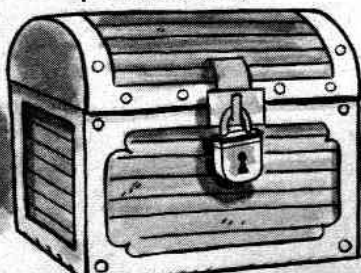
The Sea Hawk

play exciting games like

- walking the plank
- BOBBING FOR SHARKS
- RUNNING FOR COVER

entertainment nightly by
Skull and the Crossbones

contact the
spanish armada for
full details



Humor thy father and thy mother.

Script by DAVID MALEH Art by JOHN LANGTON

R FAMOUS VOYAGES

You'll spend 21 glorious days
adrift at sea when you sail
aboard the ...

HMS BOUNTY

PLUS EXCITING STOPOVER AT
PITCAIRN'S ISLAND
(complete with native girls)

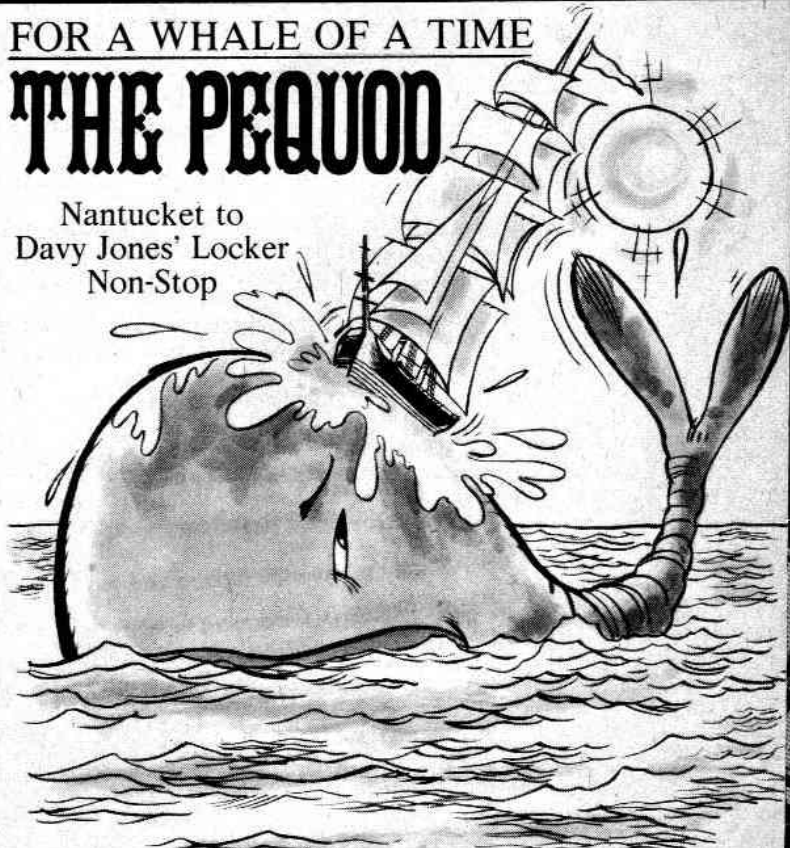
GALA MIDNIGHT
MUTINY
LAST TIME OUT

ACT NOW: LIMITED NUMBER
OF DUNGEON SPACES AVAILABLE

FOR A WHALE OF A TIME

THE PEQUOD

Nantucket to
Davy Jones' Locker
Non-Stop



SPECIAL TREAT FOR HONEYMOONERS:

CARVE YOUR INITIALS ON THE CAPTAIN'S LEG ¹¹

(For reservations: CALL ISHMAEL—Neckuva, Mass.)

The success of the movie "The Godfather" has once again sparked interest in the Mafia. What's happening now is, people everywhere are looking to join up. In fact, it's gotten so popular that the Syndicate has put out an Official Questionnaire to be filled out by potential employees. A form called the ...

GODFATHER

SIDE I

NAME _____
 ALIAS _____
 ADDRESS _____
 HIDEOUT _____
 NEXT OF KIN _____
 WHO SENT YOU? _____

A. CHECK CORRECT ANSWER BELOW (or else!)

- If you were asked to fill a "contract" which would you bring with you?
 - a ball-point pen ()
 - a rubber stamp ()
 - an untraced Smith & Wesson ()
- When you hear the word "hit" which do you automatically think of?
 - a Broadway smash ()
 - a hairbrush ()
 - an obituary notice ()
- If kissed on the cheek by a swarthy-looking man in a gray fedora, would you:
 - kiss him back ()
 - slap his face ()
 - cancel your plans for the weekend ()
- When invited to a "formal" occasion, which of the following would you wear:
 - a 3-button Ivy-League cutaway ()
 - a pressed set of Army fatigues ()
 - a blue suit with brown shoes ()
- Upon starting the engine of your car each morning, which do you do first?
 - turn the key automatically ()
 - rub your St. Christopher statue ()
 - make your wife start it first ()
- If a detective asked you to "sing" how would you react to the situation:
 - do two choruses of "Ain't Misbehavin" ()
 - tell him you never do benefits ()
 - measure the guy for a cement suit ()
- If you were confronted with the "head of a horse" in your bed, would you:
 - kiss it ()
 - throw up on it ()
 - put two dollars on its nose ()
- When you hear the term "Godfather" you immediately think of:
 - your Uncle Hymie ()
 - a supernatural being ()
 - Guido Scarlotti, or somebody like that ()



JOB APPLICATION



Created by FRED WOLFE (now a Syndicated writer)

SIDE II

B. ANSWER "YES" OR "NO" (but not "Make me!")

1. Do people have "confidence" in you? Will they buy whatever you're selling even when they don't want it? YES() NO()
2. Are you the fun-loving type who enjoys a good "blast"? That is, have you an "explosive" personality to "fire up" our competition? YES() NO()
3. Have you some special skill, such as a knowledge of cement work, funeral floral design, home-wrecking, etc., that can be useful? YES() NO()
4. Are you good in geography? For example, can you tell the North Side from the South Side, without infringing on either side? YES() NO()
5. Are you the "protective" type, who can convince others to accept your protection no matter what the cost? YES() NO()
6. Does a rise in temperature bother you? Like when it gets very "hot" or when you're handling "hot" items? YES() NO()
7. Have you a particular talent, such as "engraving" or "printing" that will make more money for the organization? YES() NO()
8. Do you have the manual dexterity necessary for "juggling"—like books, records, and all sorts of irregular items? YES() NO()
9. Do you confine yourself to "singing" in the shower alone, or do you "sing" anywhere upon request? YES() NO()
10. Have you got the "magic touch"—like keeping clients in line, without leaving tell-tale marks or a big mess? YES() NO()

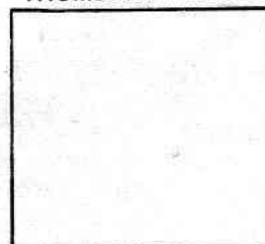
C. ANSWER IN SPACES BELOW (no names please!)

1. Are you available for taking total strangers on long "rides" in the country?
2. Have you a solid upstanding relative whose home and phone we can use from time to time?
3. Are you willing to re-locate—sometimes at a moment's notice—without asking questions?
4. Are you ambitious enough to climb over others to get to the top of the heap? (Be careful of this answer.)
5. Are you a "trial and error" man? That is, if you make an error, are you prepared to go on trial?
6. Tell the truth, did you or did you not, cheat on this questionnaire?

D. INSERT IN CORRECT ANSWERS (or we insert in you!)

1. What is your casket size?
2. How big is your mouth?
3. How wide is your cheek?
4. How hard is your head?
5. How heavy is your wallet?

E. PUT YOUR THUMBPRINT HERE



(dip it in ink first, you slob!)

NOTICE TO APPLICANTS

Leave this completed application with the bartender at your nearest saloon. You will receive notification of your acceptance in a plain brown envelope. If accepted, one of our "salesman" will call at your home to initiate you into the "Family." If not accepted, he will simply kiss you on the cheek and leave. Should you have any reason to contact us regarding this application, forget it. Don't call us—we'll call you!





Script by
FRED WOLFE

How accurate are astrological predictions? past. Here then are some fearless forecasts astrology is at...

JOAN OF ARC:

This is an unsettling time for you, but don't despair. You may even hear voices, but ignore them. Remember—you can't change the world. So sit tight. The signs of your Zodiac clearly show that you will have a long long life!

JULIUS CAESAR:

Now is the time to overcome shyness and passivity in your nature. Go out and mingle with the crowd. Trust your friends, they mean you no harm. The stars show that it is your month for good fortune as this is the Ides of March!



CLEOPATRA:

You would be wise to develop confidence and try to make yourself more attractive to the opposite sex. Imagine yourself on a pedestal. To appear this grandiose, perhaps you can adopt a pet. Something small and unobtrusive. How about an asp?



GENERAL CUSTER:

This is the season to get out into the open air. Avoid the narrow nooks and crannies that confine you. But do not tire yourself out—take short cuts. And mix with the local inhabitants. In short, surround yourself with strangers!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN:

You would do well to develop leadership qualities instead of being a mere follower. It would also benefit you to get out once in a while and enjoy the finer things. For example, take in a show. It will put more life into you!



MARIE ANTOINETTE:

The stars show these are hard times but this should not deter you from living life to the hilt. Be more frivolous and enjoy things without guilt. You needn't worry about the consequences—you are not the type to lose your head!



The best way to find out is to look at the
of yore, which plainly show you where

Art by
JACK SPARLING



CAPTAIN BLIGH:

Your horoscope reveals that you are too humble and too generous in dealing with others. You should be more firm. Try taking charge. Don't be afraid that those close by will turn on you. If you're in command, nobody will!

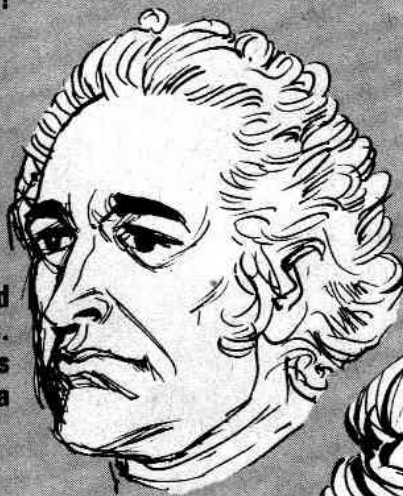


ALEXANDER HAMILTON:

This is your lucky month. The Sun is in its 3rd orbit and Jupiter in the 7th house. This means—take chances. Nothing can happen to you now. So stick to your guns and find something challenging. You'll walk away a real winner!

NAPOLEON:

This is a good time to assert your authority. Stop letting others walk all over you. Develop some get-up-and-go or you'll surely stagnate. You might start with a nice long sea voyage. Waterloo seems nice this time of year!



HELEN OF TROY:

Peace is what the charts reveal for you. However, beware of your emotions as they fluctuate. For example, you may love Paris in the springtime, but will you love Paris in the fall? The stars do not predict conflict in your future!



JESSE JAMES:

Even though you've been disappointed in the past, you must start trusting people again. Especially old friends, as they will never let you down. So tidy up the house and invite an old friend over. You'll be much better off afterwards!



ADOLF HITLER:

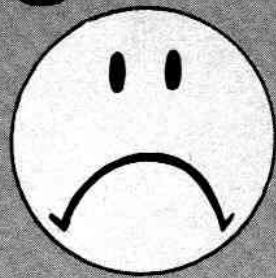
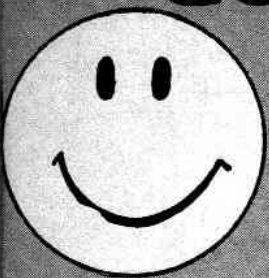
You are too sweet and loveable to get along in this world. Be a little more selfish or people take advantage of you. No more nice guy! Start by going someplace new. England is too close. The best place for you is Russia!



The best things in life are free.

GOOD NEWS—BAD NEWS

CONTEST



SEND IN YOUR FAVORITE GOOD NEWS — BAD NEWS JOKE
10 BEST WILL EACH RECEIVE A FREE COPY OF

“THE GOOD NEWS BAD NEWS BOOK”

(PRICE/STERN/SLOAN Publishers, Inc., Los Angeles)

**Take part in the brand-new fun
game that is now sweeping the
country. Here are a few samples
from the book:**

BAD NEWS: We have a hijacker
aboard the plane!

GOOD NEWS: He wants to go to the
French Riviera!

GOOD NEWS: I spotted the first robin
of spring.

BAD NEWS: He spotted me first.

BAD NEWS: Your Volkswagen drove
off the ridge into the Grand Canyon.

GOOD NEWS: It got 37 miles to the
gallon on the way down.

GOOD NEWS: Your painting is a genu-
ine Peregrini, finished during the Ren-
aissance.

BAD NEWS: Peregrini was a Floren-
tine plumber.

BAD NEWS: Howard Hughes has been
kidnapped.

GOOD NEWS: He denies it!

**Got the idea?
Now send in
your own!**

Mail your contribution to SICK CONTEST, Hewfred Publications, 919 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Deadline is August 31, 1972. All entries become our property and the winning ones will be published in the next regular issue of SICK.

"Black is Beautiful!" How many times have you heard that lately? But what does it really mean? In fact, how many of you know *anything* about the black man? Have no fear however, you will after reading this authoritative report in black-and-white terms—as we now take...

A SICK look at the AMERICAN NEGRO

BLACK HISTORY

Script by JOE CATALANO

Art by TONY TALLARICO



Come on, open up! We got good jobs for all of you. Don't be afraid, you can trust us... ask the Indians!



I'll take three of those, two of the others, and that big one over there. Ooo-h, I just love going to market!



You're free now to do whatever you want and go wherever you please. Unless you want to eat, that is!

For us, black history starts in Africa where, long ago, Europeans came and took black people to the golden land of America, to work as slaves...

As America grew, so did slavery. At one time it was considered quite normal for one person to own ten, twenty, even fifty slaves all at once...

When the Civil War ended, President Lincoln gave the black man his freedom. No longer were they known as slaves—now they were known as servants...



Mrs. Carter, meet the School's Negro! School's Negro, this is Mrs. Carter. Make her feel like one of the group!



Black-White, I don't care! To me, color makes no difference. Friendly Al will take anybody for a ride!



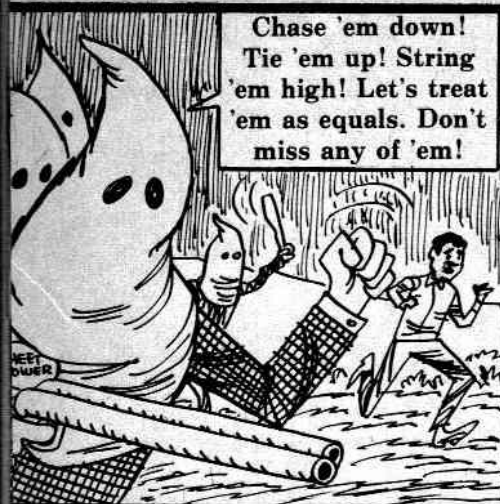
Come on, open up! We got good news for all of you. Don't be afraid, you can trust us... ask the Puerto Ricans!

Time marched on and soon a Civil Rights Movement sprang up and little by little integration started to creep into the American way of life...

In no time at all, integration became an accepted fact and the black man began to be treated exactly the same as the white man was treated...

Today the black man has all the rights he lost when he was first kidnapped from his native land, and equality for all is now the accepted custom...

BLACKS TODAY



Today equality is even being practiced in the deep South, where black men are not discriminated against and all of them are treated equally...



The black man today has equal opportunity for advancement in all areas of our culture, the latest being in the world of television...

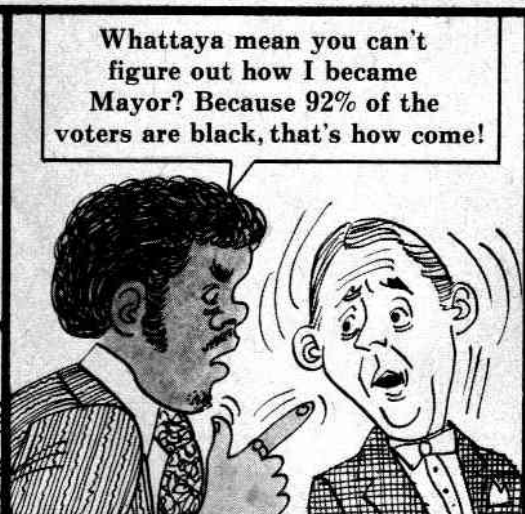


No longer destined to work in menial jobs, blacks are becoming increasingly part of the great executive world of big American business everywhere...

BLACKS TODAY



There are many blacks today who own their own businesses, some dealing directly in open public relations with the white world...



There are even black men in extremely high positions of government, both on the local level and in top echelons of the Federal government...



Despite all their successes and acceptances however, the black man of today has only one burning question directed at the white man...

A LOOK AT

- What problem does a Negro bride face on her wedding day? Choosing a groom from among her children's fathers!
- How do they take the census in Harlem? They throw a quarter in the middle of the block!
- How does a Negro take a sunbath? He lies on the beach with his palms turned upward!
- What do you call a Puerto Rican who marries a Negro? A social climber!

- How does a newspaper story about a Negro social event begin? "Among the injured were..."
- Why do Negroes wear pointed toe shoes? So they can step on cockroaches in the corner!
- What is a Negro car pool? Six black men driving a new Cadillac to the Welfare Office!
- What do you call the Negro Social Register? The Blacklist!

BLACK FALLACY

Virtue is its own punishment.

Man, it may be true that all black people look alike—but only at night, and that's because it's skin deep!



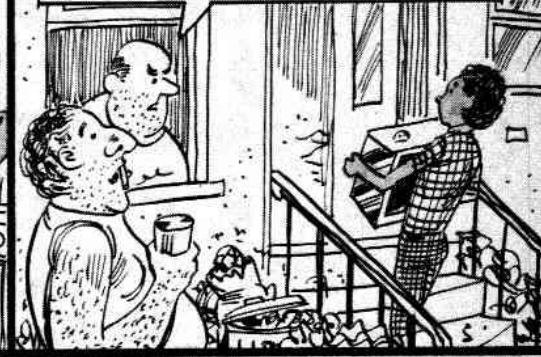
One of the most popular fallacies concerning black people is that somehow they all tend to look alike and therefore indistinguishable...

Honey, is there any more of that homemade watermelon soup? I finished my watermelon pudding and watermelon stew!



Another poor misconception is that watermelon is the sole black man's diet, and that he eats it the way white people eat bread...

Well, Archie, like I been telling you all along—there goes the ol' neighborhood—you know what I mean?



Still another unconfirmed fallacy is that when a black family moves into a white neighborhood, the neighborhood will soon become a slum...

BLACK FUTURE



One solution to the problem of the black man's plight is to give them a State for themselves, one modeled after their own natural habitat...

Man, if the air gets any dirtier we're gonna all become black—and I ain't just whistling Dixie!



Another solution is to let our air pollution remain as it is until the problem of the difference between the races is solved...

We really love blacks, Billy Joe. That's why we keep dragging them off to jail—so they can be closer to us!



There is only one worthwhile solution however, one that will solve all racial problems and that can be summed up in one word: LOVE...

BLACK HUMOR

- How does a Negro get into a profitable business? Through the skylight!
- What do you get when you mate a Negro man with a white Southern woman? A lynching!
- What happened when the Ajax White Knight came to a Negro neighborhood? He was mugged!
- What do you call a Negro block party? A riot!

- Why do Negroes make the best Catholics? They have natural rhythm!
- What do you call a Negro who has been disowned by his relatives? The white sheep of the family!
- What do you call a burly Negro with a switchblade knife? Sir!
- What is a Negro clothes dryer? A fire escape!

SICK

Since everybody's playing this game, we figured we'd take a whack at it ourselves. It's the game in which you come up with a stupid answer when you hear a stupid question. Like with these...

ANSWERS TO SHTICK QUESTIONS

I only regret that I have but one wife to give for my country.

Waiting for a table, folks?

No, we're standing here waiting for a crosstown bus but it's too cold to wait at the Stop!



Were you held up, boss?

No, I'm trying out a new Yoga position and I tied myself up so that I wouldn't slip out of it!



Are you trying to sleep?

No, I'm lying here waiting for my High School Graduation Class, we're holding a reunion here at 4 in the morning!



Do you want to make love,
Harold?



No, I
want to
practice
a new
Judo hold
so that
I can
qualify
for my
black belt
next
September!

Putting up an
antenna, Henry?

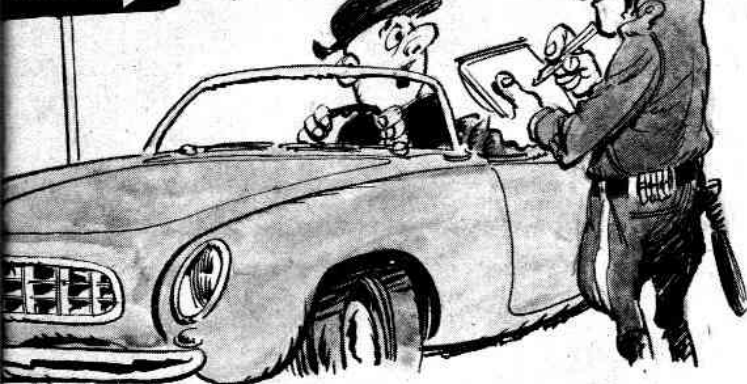


No, I'm
stringing
some wire
hangers
on the
roof
because
I have no
room for them
in the hall
closet!



Did I do
something
wrong,
Officer?

ONE WAY



No, I'm a would-be artist and
I'd like to sketch your face
because you got such a
beautiful head!

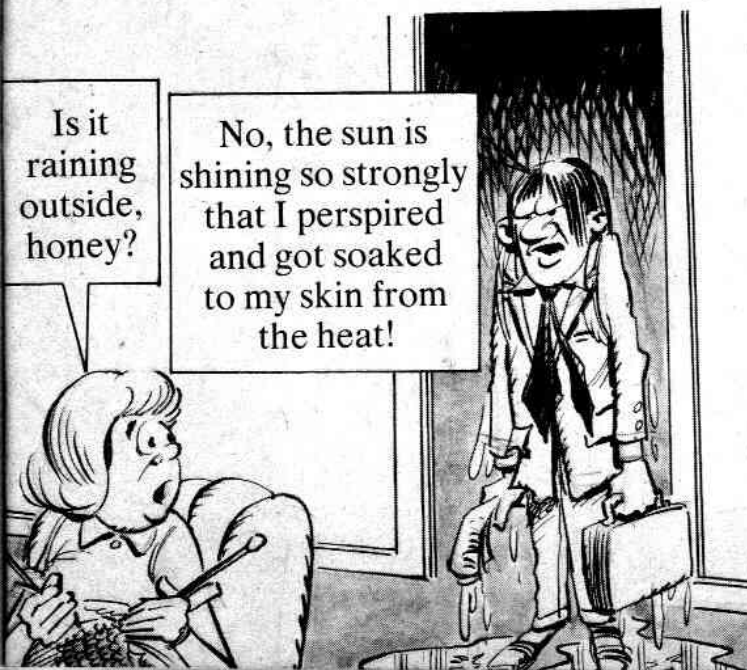
You still
talking
on the
phone,
Mom?

No, I'm just holding it up to my ear
to see if I can hear the roar of the
sink water in the distance!



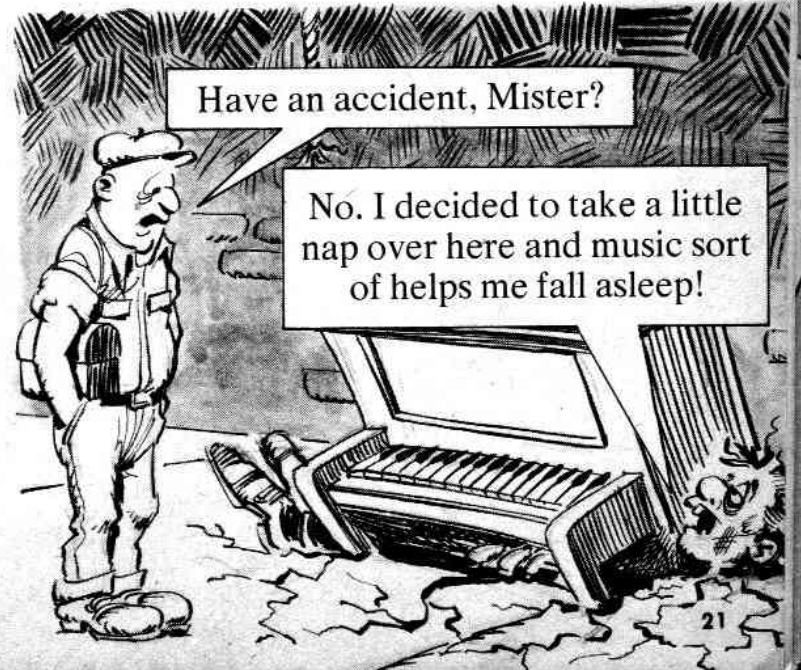
Is it
raining
outside,
honey?

No, the sun is
shining so strongly
that I perspired
and got soaked
to my skin from
the heat!



Have an accident, Mister?

No. I decided to take a little
nap over here and music sort
of helps me fall asleep!



Most buttons today are *group-oriented*. Their sayings put you in certain *categories* with other people. Now this is fine within limits, but in this age of the individual what we should have are more...

INDIVIDUALIZED *ME* BUTTONS

conceived by JIM SIMON

LOVE
ME

HIPPIES

WATCH
ME

EXHIBITIONISTS

HIT
ME

MASOCHISTS

TRUST
ME

LOVERS

PASS
ME

STUDENTS

SEND
ME?

LOSERS

ME!

EGOTISTS

ME?

NEUROTICS

ME!
ME!
ME!

BRATS

COMEDIENNE OF THE MONTH:

PROFILE

Lily Tomlin ...and that's the truth!



Lily Tomlin, one of the funniest women in the world, is also one of many parts. As Ernestine, the telephone operator, she once placed a call to J. Edgar Hoover ("I want to tell you, Mr. Hoover, how much I admire your vacuum cleaner"); as Lupe, an aged beauty expert, she gives helpful advice on how

to look younger ("Start hanging around older people"); and as a tough girl of the nineteen-fifties she conveys all the heartbreak of a highschool dance of that era ("May I have this dance? I don't dance with a kid. I'm sorry, I didn't know you were in that condition!")

Lily claims she inherited her zaniness from her father, a drinking and gambling man. ("He was the type of man when the Jehovah's Witnesses lady came to the door he'd say, 'Come on in. I'm about to have a Miller High Life—How about you?'")

Born in Detroit ("not too long ago") Lily knew at an early age that she wanted to be a comedienne. In 1965 she got her first big break when she was signed to play the Cafe au Go-Go in New York. This led to other clubs around town and in 1969 she went on "Laugh-In" for the first time. The rest is history.

This is a girl who has been hailed as the female equivalent of Lenny Bruce and Mort Sahl of ten years ago. Only Joan Rivers is on her satiric wavelength, but lately Joan seems to have gone Establishment. This leaves Lily in a field of one.

Some of Lily's lines are classic, like Ernestine's already famous remark to J. Edgar Hoover: "It is my duty to discuss with you some of the abuses of your instrument." Or the rubber-addict after being cured: "Now I'm a normal healthy, socially acceptable alcoholic." And other gems which, taken out of context, don't do Lily justice. She has to be seen to be believed.

More than a star has been born. Lily Tomlin may well be the finest and most influential comedienne to come along in 20 years...



HIGH CAMP SECTION

One of the best sources of humor are children's letters from camp. We see them all the time in different publications. But how about all the adult camps in the country? Surely grownups send letters from these places too. Surely there must be some humor in those letters. And sure as surely we've got some right here, namely these...

ADULT LETTERS FROM CAMP

as researched by
FRED WOLFE

Author of:

"How I Tamper With The Males"

"Every Letter Bit Counts"

"Help Stamp Out Postage!"

FROM JOHN WAYNE

Howdy Mom and Dad--

Got here safe an' sound by covered wagon. The other kids came by station wagon, but I got me an image to keep up. My first project was arts an' crafts--where I built a stockade around the entire Camp, all by myself. We also played Cowboys an' Indians. Now please don't get upset if you should hear about the friendly tribe I wiped out when they came too close to our Camp. Outside of that, everything's fine. Except one thing--they don't have a john big enough for me here. But don't worry, the Grand Canyon isn't too far!

Your gigantic son,
Johnny

Dolling Mama,

Everything here is simply vunderful, dolling. Five minutes after I arrived I met the most vunderful boy. He's the son of the owner and ve intend to get married--just as soon as I divorce his father, who I married on the way up here. By the way, Mama, has my divorce come through from my last husband? You remember him? He's the owner of last year's Camp!

Your loving daughter,
Zsa Zsa

P.S. Forget all vot I wrote you. While taking this letter to the Post Office I met the cutest Post Master. Ve're getting married as soon as I seal this envelope!

FROM ZSA ZSA GABOR

achtung!
 I hate zis fershlugger place und I
 vant to go home—und dot's an order!
 who ever heard of a camp mit-out
 BARBED WIRE? und not even vun
 vatchtower! ven I first got out from
 ze bus, I thought ve vere going to
 take ze "showers." But ve only vent to
 ze room. und guess vot I found zere?
 no bars on ze vindows! und ze last
 straw vas ven I saw ze name of ze
 place. are you ready for zis? camp
 moscowitz!
 you vill arrange my escape
 immediately, or I vill report you both
 to ze Gestapo!

zeig heil,
 adolfele

FROM ADOLF HITLER

FROM RALPH NADER

Dear Consumer-Approved Parents,
 Just checked out the Camp and found
 lots of defective parts. As of today,
 they're recalling three counselors, two
 busboys and the Main Building. When we
 first arrived they set up a big outdoor
 barbeque, but I put a stop to that as
 soon as I saw the smogging of the air. I
 also cut out the weenie roasts, garbage-
 burning and all hot lunches--as well as
 having recalled the entire Laundry Room.
 That's about all for now. Oh yes, I
 forgot. I'll be home tomorrow instead
 of staying all summer. The owners are
 having ME recalled!

Your perfect son,
 Ralphie

Dearest Mater and Pater,

Thanks loads for that real sharp Boy
 Scout knife you sent me--it really hit
 the mark. I've been here only three days
 and already I carved out quite a name
 for myself. In fact, I got the
 reputation of being the Camp cut-up.
 You'll also be glad to hear that the
 doctor predicts a brilliant future for
 me in medicine, as I've already
 performed nine heart transplants--
 without using anaesthetic.

Oh well, guess I'll cut out now.
 There's a full moon tonight and I want
 to go look at some heavenly bodies!

Your chip-off-the-old-block,
 Jackie

FROM JACK THE RIPPER

FROM TIMOTHY LEARY

Peace, Parent People--
 This camp is really out of sight--
 especially after I popped a few pills
 on arriving. Like, my favorite activity
 is Botany. And if those "wild weeds" I
 planted turn out the way I think, I'll
 be "up here" all summer. The only
 disappointment was when they told me I
 could make my own "pot"--and it turned
 out to be a Ceramics Class. Outside of
 that, everything's groovy. Will fly out
 to see you next weekend. Don't meet me
 at the airport--I won't be taking a
 plane!

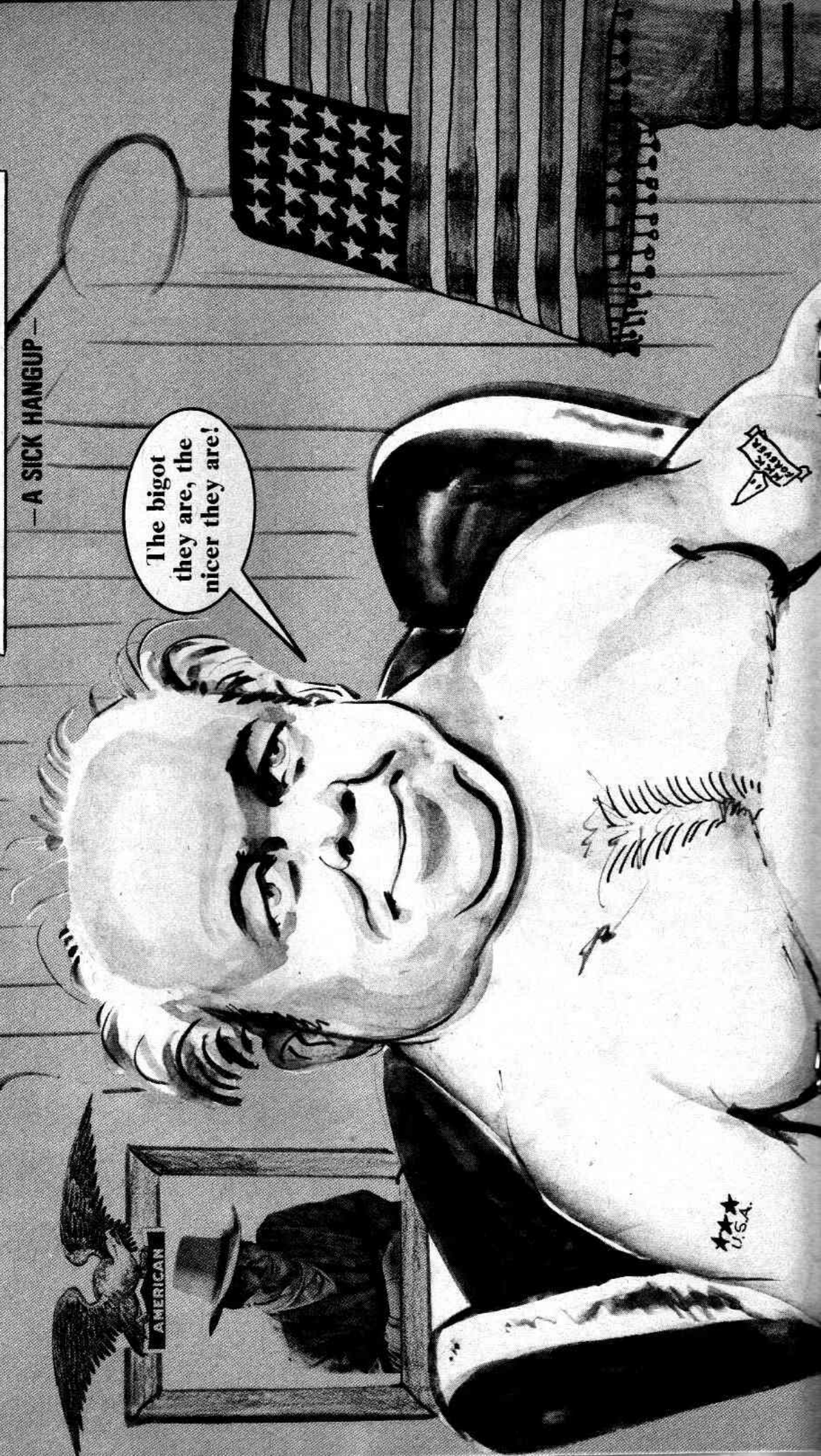
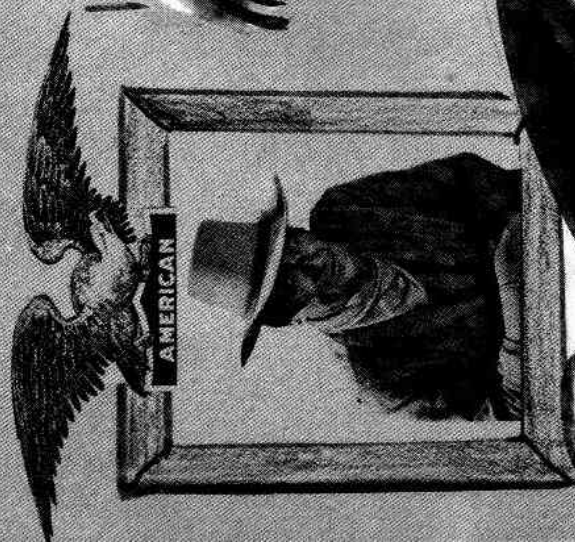
Your little guru,
 Timmy

ARCHIE BUNKER

PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

— A SICK HANGUP —

The bigot
they are, the
nicer they are!





"Mr. Right"

painted by
JACK SPARLING
(Mr. Wrong)

ATTENTION WORLD:

POLLUTION IS
A DIRTY WORD!

Sick Sick

The Truth Shall Make You Freak

IN-SICK-NIFICANT

Do you realize
there's an armed,
totalitarian state
only 90 miles from
Miami? I speak of
Atlanta, Georgia!



Poland: Warsaw reports that they're recalling all thermometers in this country as they found traces of mercury in them.

Madison Avenue: A recent survey shows that TV is where the big money is. Just ask any TV repairman.

NILSON

Washington: Story making the rounds here is that Henry Kissinger wanted a disguise so that he could move around in more secrecy. He walked into a novelty store and asked for one. The clerk recommended a popular number, a combination funny nose, eyebrows and glasses. To which Kissinger replied, "That I got already!"

Philadelphia: When told that his wife was having an affair with a man who was invisible, the local bigwig replied: "I wonder what she sees in him?"

Fun City: Somebody sent an Easter card to Mayor Lindsay at Gracie Mansion and the card came back stamped "Not At This Address."

Omaha: Residents here tell of the man who went into business on a shoestring and within a year tripled his investment. So there he is — with three shoestrings.

San Francisco: Book advertised in the Philosophical Bookstore here: "THE COSMOS ON \$5 A DAY."

Hollywood: It's reported that Twiggy and Totie Fields met for the first time here recently and both uttered the same word: "Incredible!"

Nation's Capitol: Overheard in the Senate corridor: A Congressman was asked: "How many drunks are there in the United States?" To which he answered: "The statistics are staggering!"

Great White Way: After finishing his show, a hammy comedian famous for his huge ego, bragged to a group of his friends: "When I'm telling jokes, you can hear them laughing across the street. "Why" asked a listener, "what's playing there?"

Cairo: Omar Shariff, Egyptian heart-throb, is constantly asked why he kisses a woman's hand first. His reply: "I have to start somewhere."

Des Moines: Sign in a Health Foods Store Window: "Closed on account of sickness."

Wall Street: Add new Daffy-nition: BROKER—what you become when you continue to play the Stock Market.

Dallas: A very tall Texan died here recently and his family couldn't find a coffin big enough. So, in desperation, they gave him an enema and buried him in a shoebox.

TURN THIS
UPSIDE DOWN



AS WE REMEMBER HIM

World



THOUGHT OF THE MONTH:

Ever wonder what
Uncle Ben's rice
was before it
converted?

NEWS OF THE MONTH

as reported by FRED WOLFE

Moscow: The Russians are putting up a multi-million dollar hotel right in the middle of the Kremlin. They're calling it the Comrade Hilton.

Rome: Now it comes out why Italians talk with their hands. Because they can't stand each other's breaths.

Chicago: 43 hippies were arrested for sleeping in a public park here. They pleaded not guilty, claiming that their room was being painted.

East Village: How do you tell the bride at a hippie wedding? She's wearing something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue, something red, something purple, something green...

New York City: An elderly Jewish furrier was hit by a truck in the garment center here and was laying in the middle of the street when a policeman put a pillow under his head, saying: "Are you comfortable?" To which the man said, "I make a nice living."

Miami Beach: Talk about swank, one luxury hotel here is so exclusive that they won't let you into the Steam Room with a tie and jacket. And in the Cabana Club they had to give up swimming. Even the tide couldn't get in.

Cleveland: A new restaurant opened up here last month. It's half-Chinese, half-Jewish. An hour after you eat here you're hungry again—but for power!

Outer Space: A martian landed in a Scarsdale suburb, walked over to a man mowing his lawn and said: "Take me to your leader." The man shook his head: "I can't, she's in Miami with the kids."

Forest Hills: Add Definition of a Lawyer: A Jewish boy who can't stand the sight of blood!

*Start the
world~
I want to
get on!*

Brooklyn: Ad in local paper: "Boy with Volkswagen wishes to meet girl with Renault. Object: share parking meter."

Las Vegas: A drunk read so much about the evils of drinking, that he decided to give up reading.

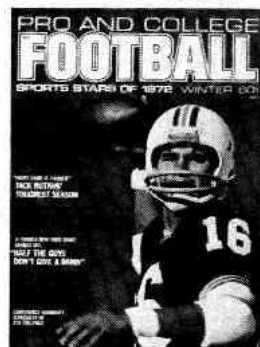
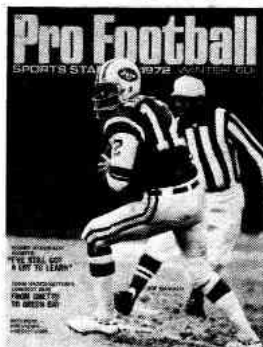
Hollywood: A lady friend of a famous movie actress was late to the star's wedding and apologized profusely. "Forget it," said the Hollywood star, "you'll come to my next one!"

Detroit: A counterman in a local diner told a customer: "I got boiled tongue, fried liver and pig's feet." To which the guy replied: "Don't tell me your troubles, Mac, just give me a ham on rye!"

Denmark: A young fellow on vacation in Copenhagen went to a restaurant, called out for a hunk of Danish, and a waitress ran over and gave him her telephone number.

Chicago: Two old magicians met on the street and started recalling their days in vaudeville. One chap asked: "Say, whatever happened to your female assistant, the one you used to saw in half?" And was told: "Oh, she's still around. She's living in New York, and San Francisco."

ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER



ON SALE NOW

One form of advertising is the so-called "public service announcement" which big companies or organizations use to let the public know how noble or patriotic they really are—interested in such things as ecology, urban renewal, better race relations and the like. From the tone of those ads, you'd think the advertisers were devoted to public betterment and didn't care about making a few bucks. The latter they do however, as it enhances their image. What we'd like to see then is complete truth and sincerity in those messages. And so, here's how it would be...

IF "PUBLIC SERVICE"

TURN ON, AMERICA!

(Throwing Some Light on an Important Question)



Let's face it, folks—there's a lot of drabness in our national outlook. Lately we tend to see the gloomy side of things. As concerned American businessmen, we think this dark, murky pessimism is a shame. Could it be caused by the dimness of our surroundings?

Frankly, we'd like to see this gloom dispelled. We think there ought to be more dazzle, sparkle and brilliance in our great land. And to that end, solely because we want this country to be a brighter, happier place to live in, we've come up with one sincere, heartfelt suggestion:

Let's **light up** our country as never before... festoon our houses, office buildings, farms and factories with thousands of gaily colored light bulbs all year round. Try it, America. Chase those shadows. Brighten the national scene. Put more light—lots more light—into your lives!

An appeal in the public interest by
THE ELECTRIC COMPANIES OF AMERICA

PARENTS: A HAPPY CHILD IS AN UNHAMPERED CHILD!



Psychologists say that many adult neuroses can be traced back to traumatic childhoods... especially to over-strict parents who don't let their youngsters be themselves, play freely without restrictions. Make sure it doesn't happen to **your** child. Allow him to play whenever, wherever—and with whatever—he wants. Crayons, for instance. In the living room, kitchen, all over the house. He'll be a well-balanced, neurosis-free child... and yours will be a happy home!

Presented in the public interest by
U.S. Association of Retail Paint Dealers

(A Message of Vital Concern to All Americans)

ARE YOU GETTING THE EXERCISE YOUR BODY DEMANDS?



This country is getting soft, slack, sluggish... and frankly, we're worried sick over it. In Russia, in China, hardy peasants and tough collective-farm workers exercise far more than we Americans do. They use their legs—while we ride everywhere!

Sure, you say, you don't have the time or money to go to health spas. Sure, it costs a lot to play golf. But there is one form of exercise that's absolutely free... and you can even pick your own hours for it. We mean walking. That's right... **WALKING**.

Why not put yourself back in shape by walking a minimum of 15 miles every day... and get your whole family to join in the fun? It's a cheap, natural way to get yourself and your loved ones back into tip-top physical condition. So get out there and walk... walk... walk!

(The cost of this public-service advertisement has been underwritten by the American Association of Shoe-Sole Manufacturers and the Independent Foot-Lotion Makers of the U.S.A.)

ADS WERE MORE HONEST

GAMES GROW GUTS!

Contact sports build character...help teenagers grow up to be honest, courageous, red-blooded adults. So encourage your kids to participate in morally uplifting activities such as football, hockey, boxing. Allow them to give their all. They'll be better Americans for it!

**BUNYON AND BUNYON
BANDAGE MANUFACTURING
COMPANY**



A man is only as bold as he feels.

Some Plain Talk about Safe Driving

One of the worst hazards a long-distance driver can face is boredom...the monotony of looking for hours on end at the same humdrum fields, trees, farmhouses and scenery. It's enough to give anyone the frizzies and make him drowsy and inattentive at the wheel. To prevent this, don't allow narrow-minded legislators to fool around with the "good old American roadside sights." Let's keep our highways stimulating and entertaining with the "manufactured attractions" we all know and love. Write your Congressman today!



**Billboard
Advertisers' Federation**

An important message to everyone who uses cigarettes:



Life is difficult enough these days without having to worry about lab reports or confusing "tar percentages" or stupid government warnings printed on packs of cigarettes. You owe it to yourself to have some fun, some real satisfaction. Life should be filled with pleasure and contentment, not fear and caution! So don't let anyone scare you with their morbid messages of doom...keep smoking as much as you want!

This ad presented as a public service by
**THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF
FUNERAL DIRECTORS**

Been to a funeral lately? It's not as dismal as it used to be. In fact, the trend today is to take away the sorrow and make dying a pleasant affair. To show you what we mean, we have devised what we call...

A LIVING PRIMER

FOR MORTICIANS

as laid out by
LUGOZE



THE GRIEF THERAPIST

See the friendly smiling man?
He is a Grief Therapist.
He makes you happy when you are sad.
He is full of fun and tricks.
He takes the pain away from grief.
He makes it a happy time.
He puts joy into his work.
He has made death fun!

1

It's better to have loved and lost...



THE SLUMBER WAGON

This is a Slumber Wagon.
It takes you to your Resting Place.
You will like to ride in it.
You won't have to stop for lights.
You will have a nice long ride.
They will follow you along.
It will make you feel important.
It will take you away from the everyday!

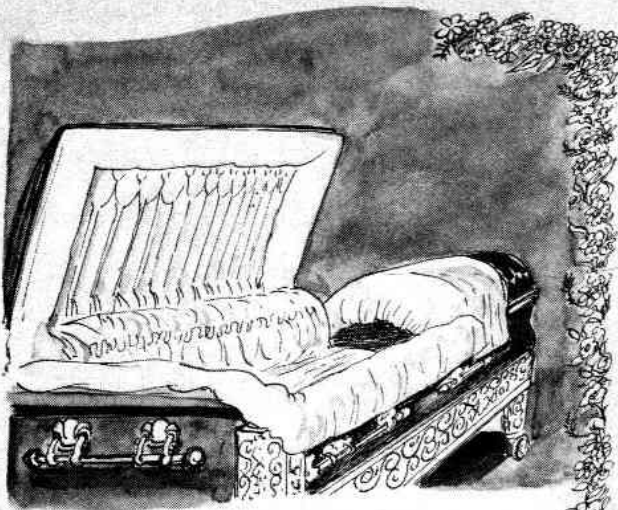
2



THE LAYAWAY PARLOR

Isn't this a pretty room?
You lie here and wait for the Slumber Wagon.
You can rest in peace here.
It has all the comforts of home.
It is a home away from home.
There is never any sadness.
People always like to visit.
It has become a way of life!

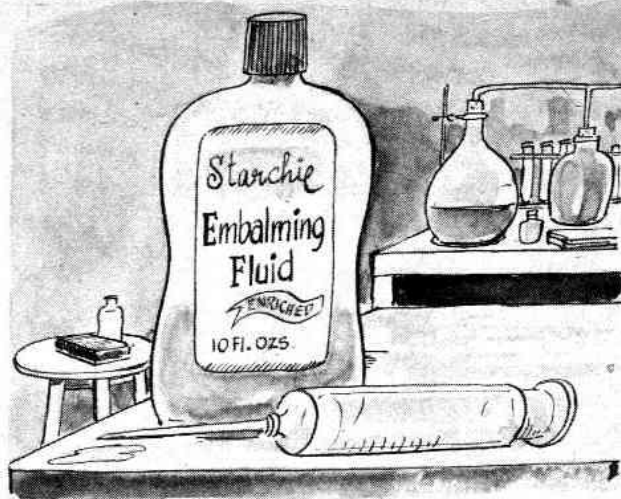
3



THE REPOSE BED

My, what have we here?
It is a Repose Bed.
See how nice and shiny it is?
Wouldn't you like to lie in there?
It has a soft and furry lining.
It won't ever hurt your skin.
You will like to sleep inside.
It is built for comfort!

4



THE RESTORATION FLUID

Oh, what a pretty bottle!
It is filled with lots of goodies.
It will make you look your best.
It will make you look alive.
You will never be so nice.
A whole new world will open up.
People will come from all around.
It will be a pleasure to look at you!

5

All's well that ends.



THE RESTING PLACE

This is a Resting Place.
See how nice and modern it is?
It appeals to young folks.
It is meant for living.
There is a golf course and a swimming pool.
There are great big picnic grounds.
This is a place where nice folks go.
It has lots of dignity.

6



THE MEMORY PICTURE

Say hello to all the people!
They have come to visit you.
See how they are crying?
They are crying for joy.
They get the finest Memory Picture money can buy.
They see how comfortable you sleep.
They will remember it as a happy day.
They will leave with a nice warm feeling.

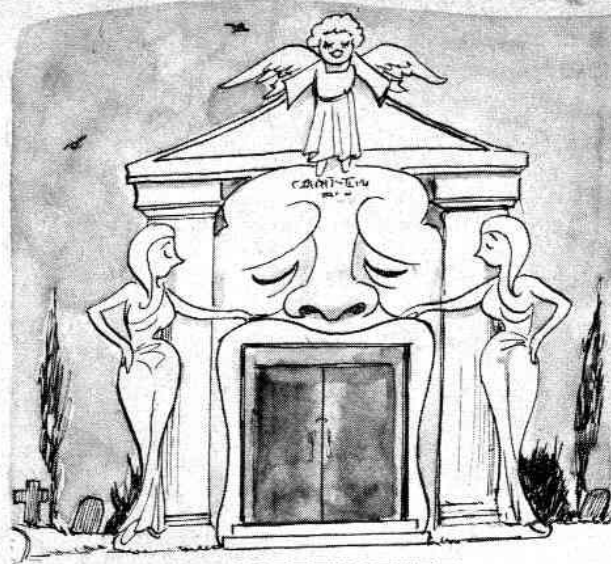
7



THE PROCESSIONAL MARCH

Look at the people marching!
Isn't it a stirring sight?
Can you guess who they are carrying?
Inside the Repose Bed is you!
Don't you feel like you're walking on air?
See how all eyes are upon you?
Don't you feel proud to be inside?
Isn't it the most thrilling moment in your life?

8



THE GARDEN CRYPT

My, what a nice tall building!
It is a Garden Crypt.
It is big and strong and roomy.
Wouldn't it be nice to live in there?
It has lamps and chairs and tables.
It has rugs and drapes and curtains.
You won't ever want to leave there.
You will want to stay forever!

9

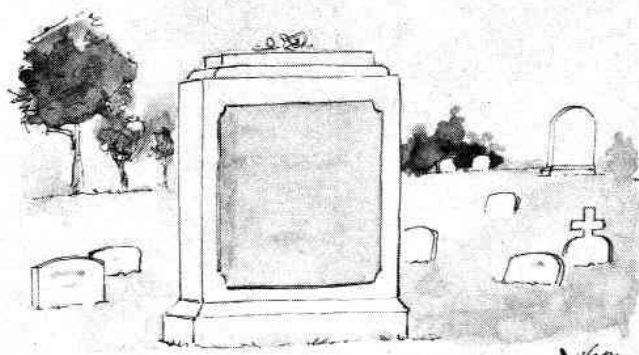
Movies are badder than ever.



THE CREMAINS URN

See the pretty Urn?
It is a pretty Cremaings Urn.
See the pretty ashes?
The pretty ashes are you!
Isn't it fun to be inside?
Here you can stay like this forever.
You won't have to leave your home.
Just make sure the room has an ash tray!

10



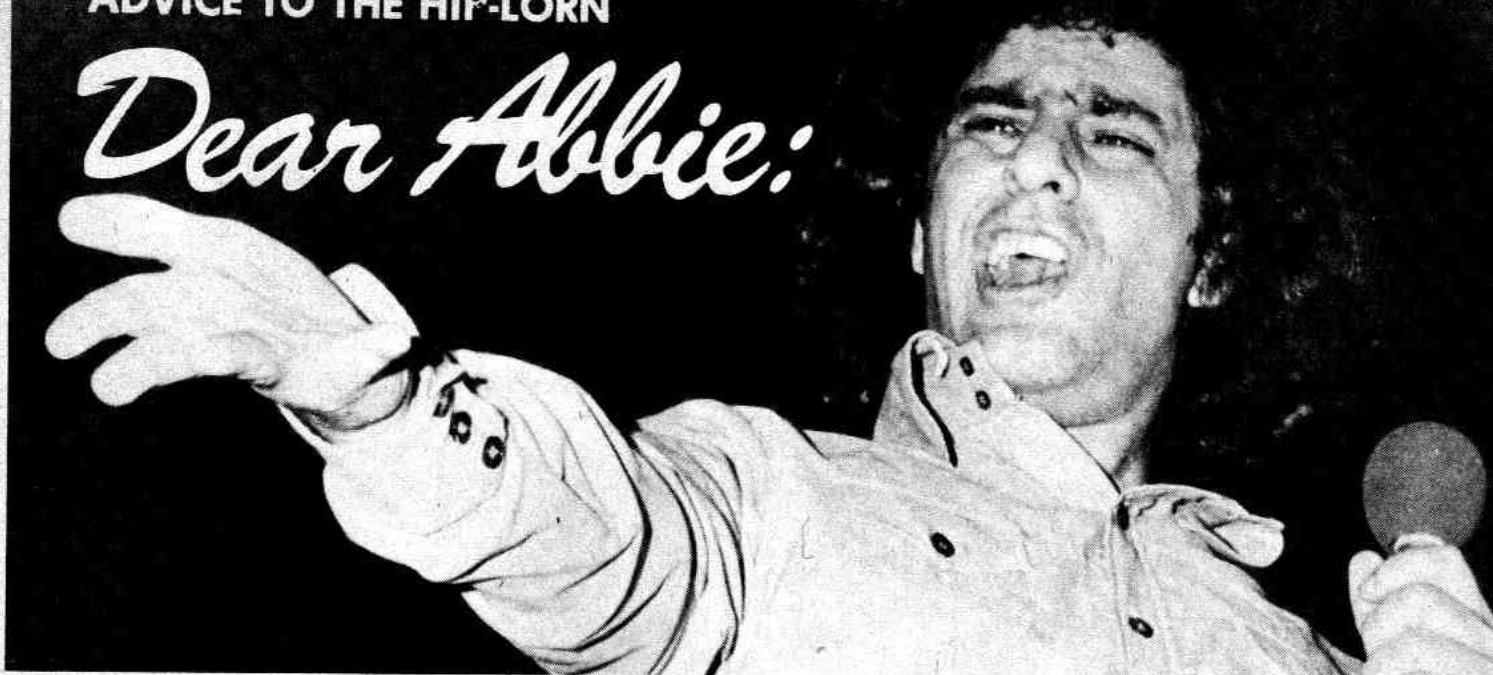
THE MEMORIAL MONUMENT

This is a Memorial Monument.
It stands by your Resting Place.
It tells people where you are.
It is your new address.
See how tall and strong it stands?
People will remember you by it.
Isn't it a fitting tribute?
It will last a lifetime!

11

ADVICE TO THE HIP-LORN

Dear Abbie:



If I stay with my chick I know she'll drive me to drugs. What should I do?

HUNG DOWN

Stay with her. It's better than you having to walk for it!

• • •

I know this may sound corny, but my old lady just ran off with the milkman. What can I do about it?

STRAPPED

Easy, drink tea!

• • •

I know my question is old-fashioned but, if I let a boy make love to me on the first date, do you think he'll lose all respect for me?

HASSLED

Baby, that depends on how you make love!

• • •

My gizmo is this, do you think they'll ever find a cure for nymphomania?

ZAPPED OUT

Man, they're not even trying!

• • •

Everytime I'm with my new boyfriend I get all flushed, I have difficulty breathing, I feel nauseous and I get terrific pains in my head. How do you explain it?

STRUNG IN

You don't, just be thankful you got your health!

• • •

Man, can you help me? I groove my new chick but like, she's real ugly, has a nowhere disposition, is coarse and vulgar and always

puts me down. What do you think I ought to do about it?

TAPPED OUT

Be a little more understanding. Like, Man, nobody's perfect!

• • •

I'm a widow bringing up a 14-year-old boy. I've given him everything but still he's unsatisfied. What can I give him to make him happy?

ZONKED

A 14-year-old girl!

• • •

This cat I'm padding with is real weird. The other day he tells me he wants to be a truck driver. Like, should I discourage him?

OVERLY HIPPED

Cool it, never stand in a truck driver's way!

• • •

My chick is real groovy in every way, but she doesn't want me to make love to her. She says it'll spoil our relationship. Do you agree?

FREAKED OUT

Could be. How bad do you make love?

• • •

Tell me, Man, how do you feel about shrunken hemorrhoids?

LIKE SICK

I don't know, I've never shrunken any!

• • •

Pops, I met this real weird girl. I think she gave me an infectious disease. I live in a commune. How do I keep it from spreading?

JUICED

Easy, just don't tell anybody about it!

• • •

I got a problem. How can I stop my new lover from biting his nails?

FIZZIES

Knock out his teeth!

• • •

Like, I'm getting bald. Is this a sign of virility?

SHINY SOL

No, dandruff!

• • •

I think I'm coming down with something. Where can I get hold of a groovy nurse?

WIGGED OUT

Any place she lets you!

• • •

I just met a wild-looking chick. How do I go about trying to propose?

FLAKED OFF

Propose what?

• • •

I'm a man of 86 and I still have the urge to go around pinching young girls. Do you think I'm too old for that sort of thing?

GRAMPS BABY

Not at all. You're only as old as you feel!

• • •

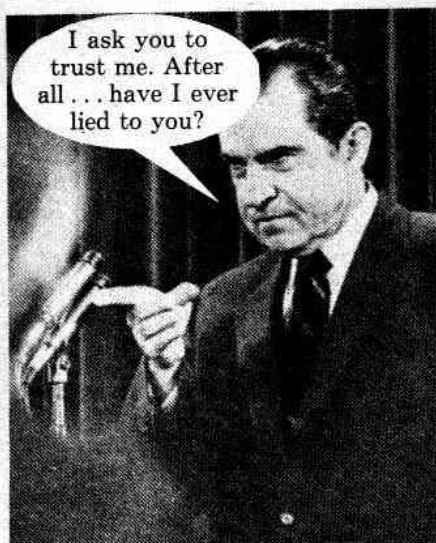
My chick is looking for a gig. Maybe you can help. Her measurements are 45-33-78. What do you suggest?

UN-HIPPED

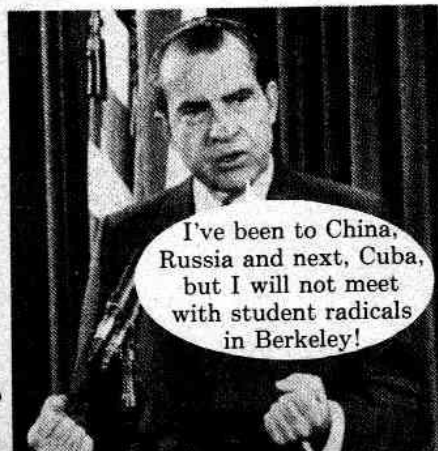
Try a record company!

• • •

MORE NIXON NIFTIES



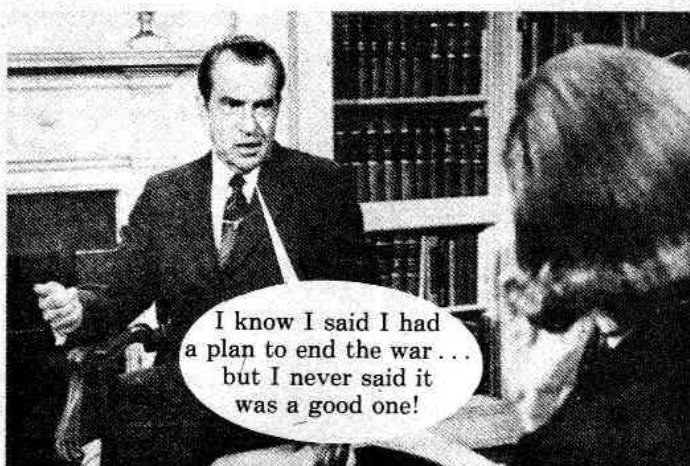
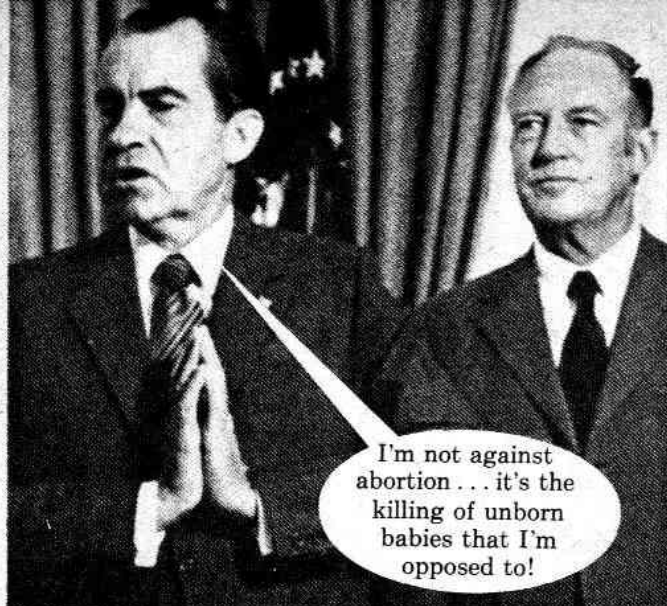
I ask you to trust me. After all ... have I ever lied to you?



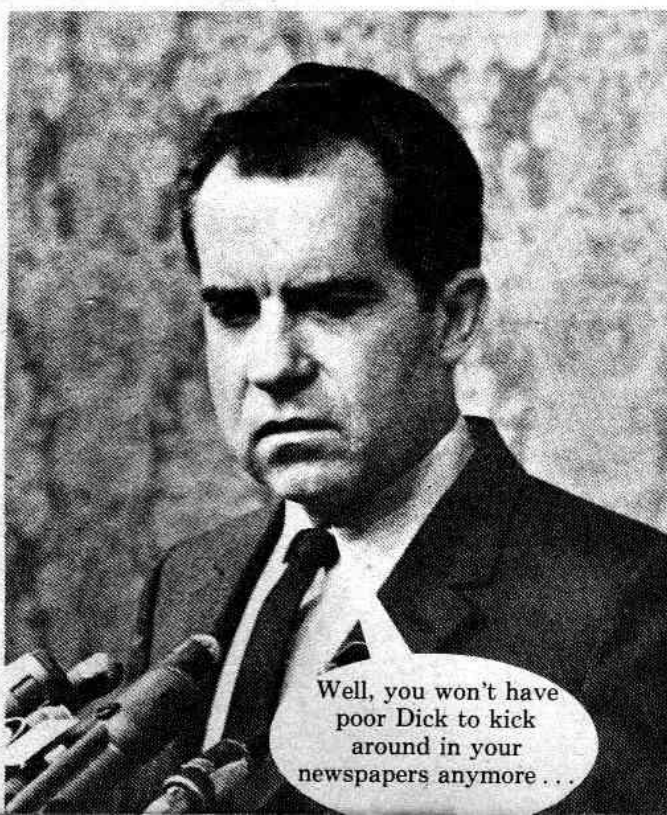
I've been to China, Russia and next, Cuba, but I will not meet with student radicals in Berkeley!



I've just ordered that the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans be mined to prevent any aggressive ships from entering our shores ...



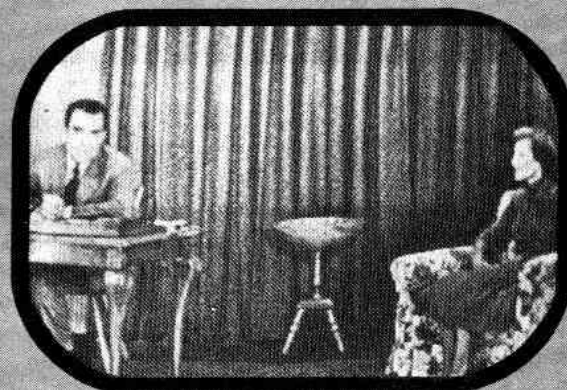
FAMOUS LOST WORDS



THE CHECKERS SPEECH



I have a dog named Checkers and I won't give him back because I've housebroken him already ... on the New York Times!



Let me say this... my wife Pat doesn't have a mink coat. She just has a cloth one. It is I who have the mink coat!



Remember, folks, a vote for me is a vote for all that is right in America. Only there's not much right in America anymore!

THE MEAN ROTTEN KID

on DOGS

by
DON FIOTO

Boxers are all very punchy
Wolfhounds are really quite tame
French Poodles come on real raunchy
Cockers live up to their name,

Pointers don't know where it's at
Great Danes are meek just like monks
Seeing-Eye dogs are blind as a bat
Boston Terriers come from the Bronx,

Bloodhounds they can't smell a rat
Eskimo dogs aren't cool
Chihuahuas they look like a rat
Sheep dogs ain't got any wool,

Housebroken dog's always wetting
Huskies are all muscle bound
Setter dogs never are setting
Schnauzers look just like they sound,

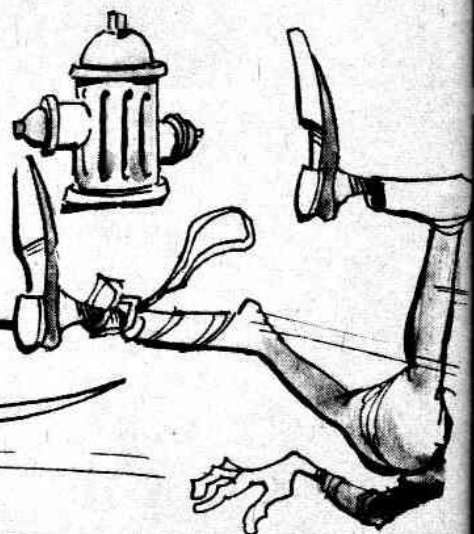
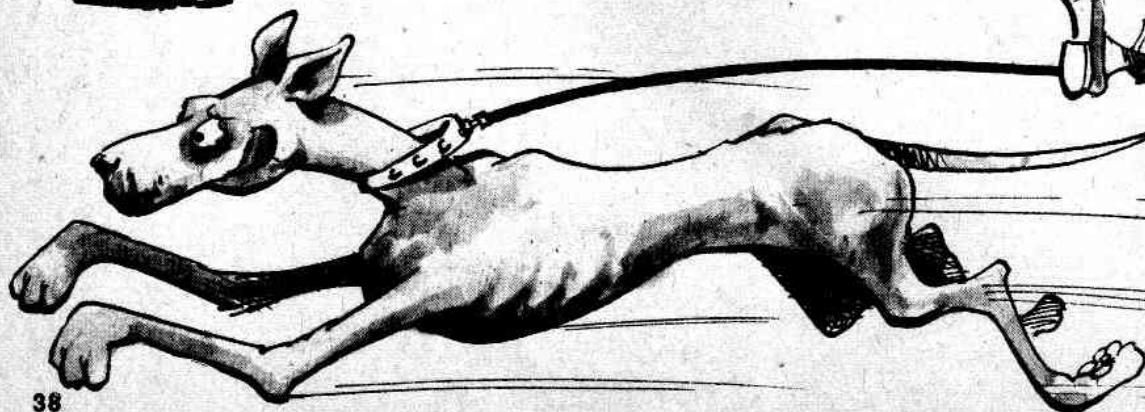
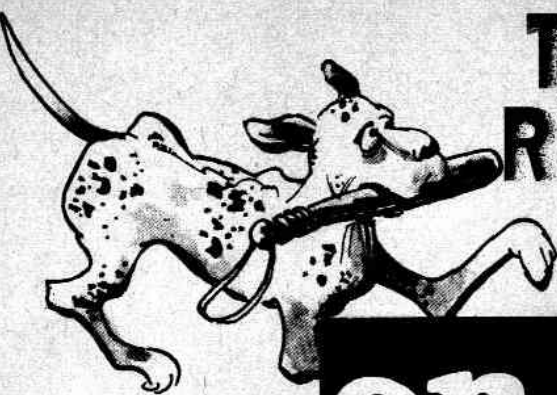
Bulldogs they look more like bears
Pinschers give nothing but yanks
Beagle's wet behind the ears
Daschunds they make tasty franks,

Barking dogs really do bite
Police dogs are not all that brave
St. Bernard dogs they fear mountain heights
Mexican Hairlesses all need a shave,

Airdales they certainly stink
Watchdogs are all great big patsies
Foxhounds each one is a fink
German Shepherds are nothing but Nazis,

Lassie she's really a boy
Stud Collies decidedly gay
Toy dogs are really not a toy
Spitz dogs they make a big spray,

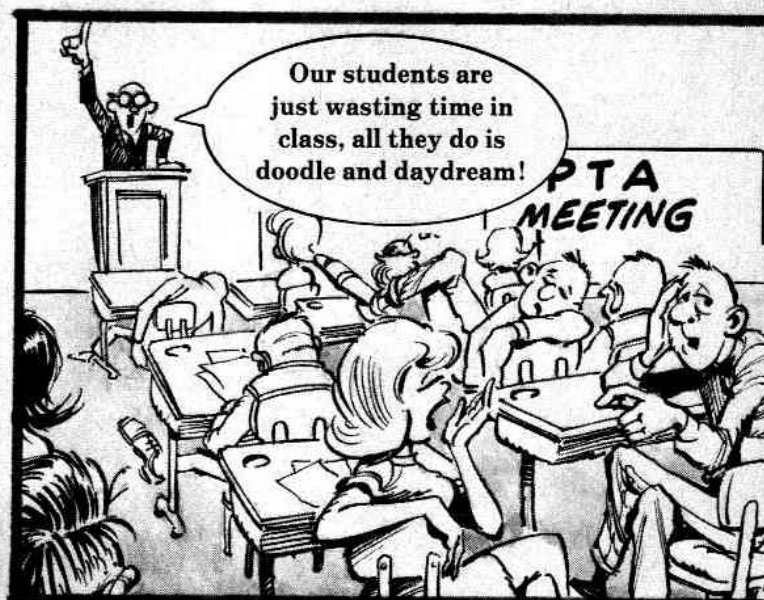
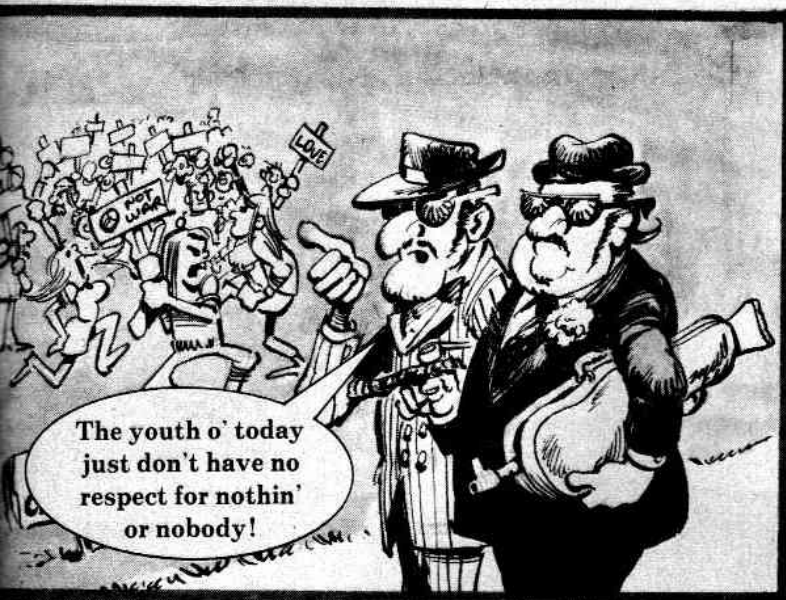
That's what I think about dogs
No ifs, no ands, and no maybes,
And if you don't agree you're all hogs—
And on all of you I wish the rabies!



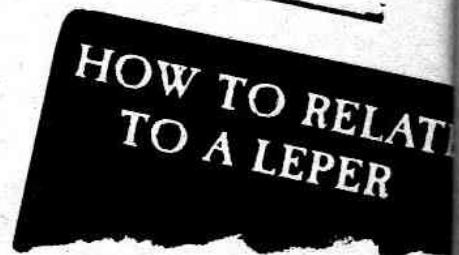
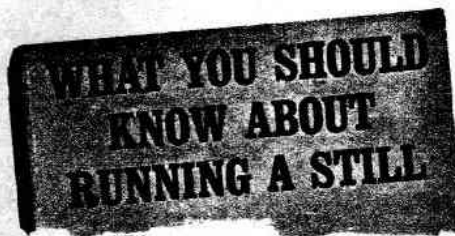
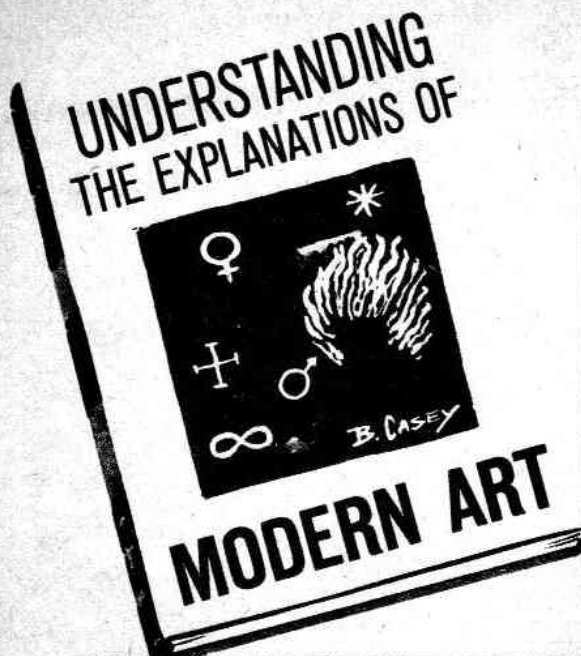
COMPLAINAINERS WE CAN DO WITHOUT...

Script by DAVID MALEH

Art by JOHN COSTANZA

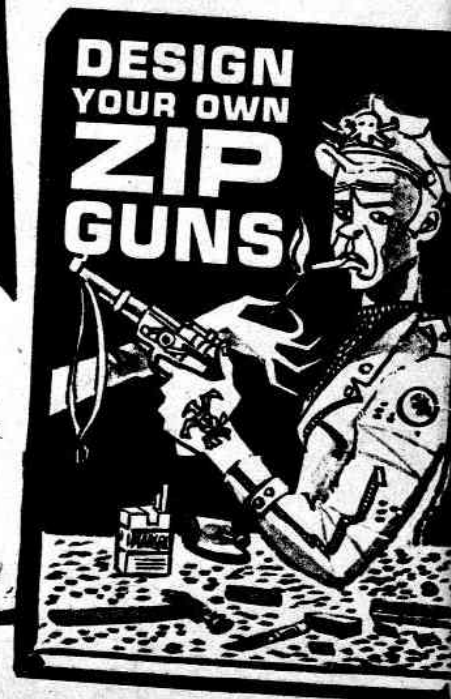
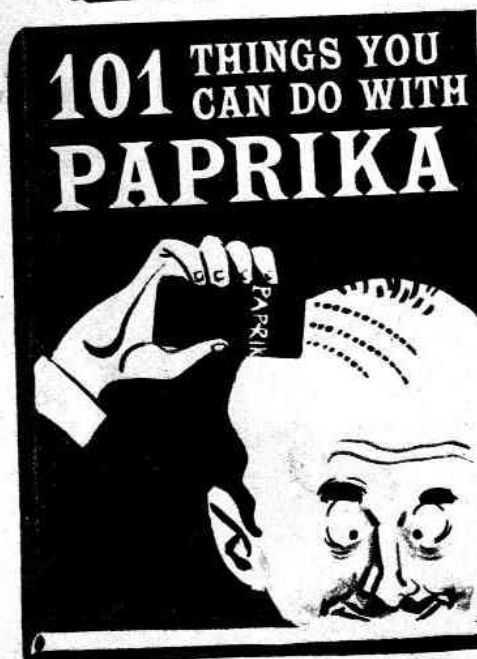
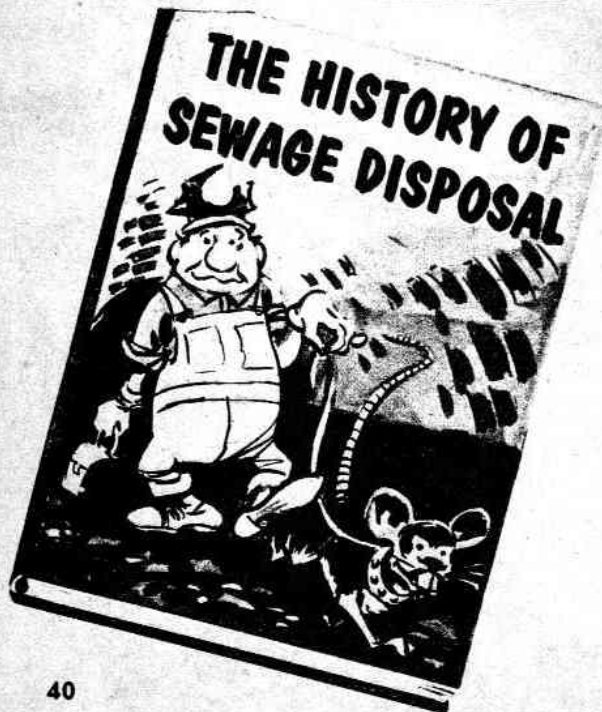


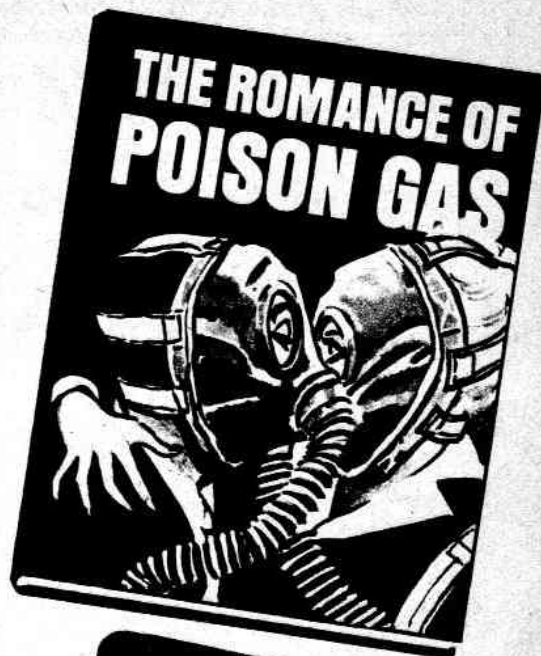
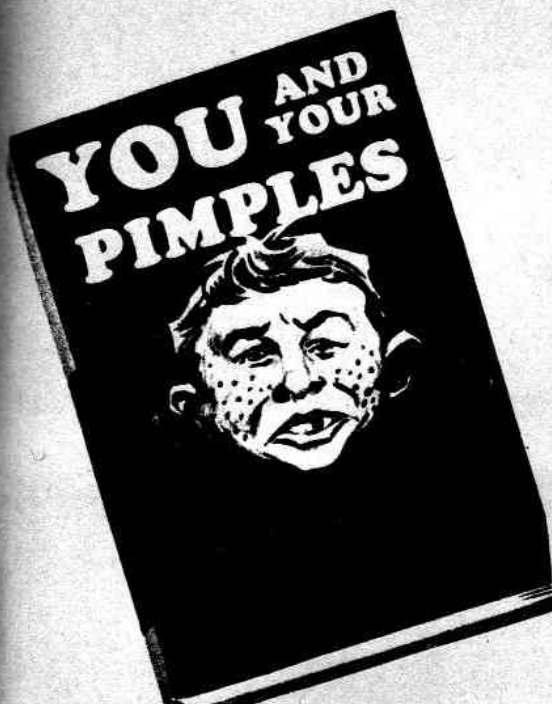
Every cloud has a polluted lining.



One look at the many new self-help books on the market today will surely prompt you to ask the same question we did—

WHAT IS BOOK





PUBLISHING COMING TO?



Ever get an autograph from a celebrity? They all look alike. Not the celebrities, you clods... the autographs! To make them look more interesting, what we should have are...

CUSTOM-MADE CELEBRITY Autographs

Salvatore Nali

Mye Brynner

Barbara
Breisand

Benny Goodman

Queen Elizabeth

Lawrence
H. H. H.

Lophia Loren

Leonard
P. P. P.

Ysa
Ysa
Ysa

werner
von Braun

Willie
Mays

E. E. E.

ARNOLD
palmer

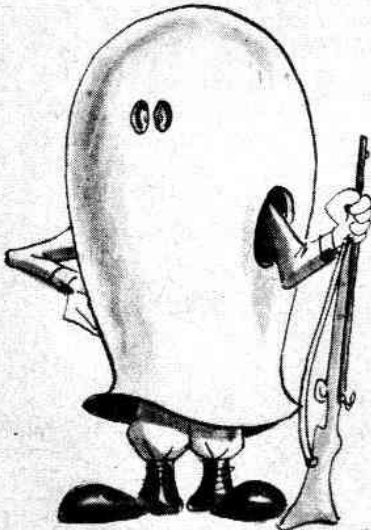
A fool and his money are soon parted.

Out of the mouths of babes oft come germs.

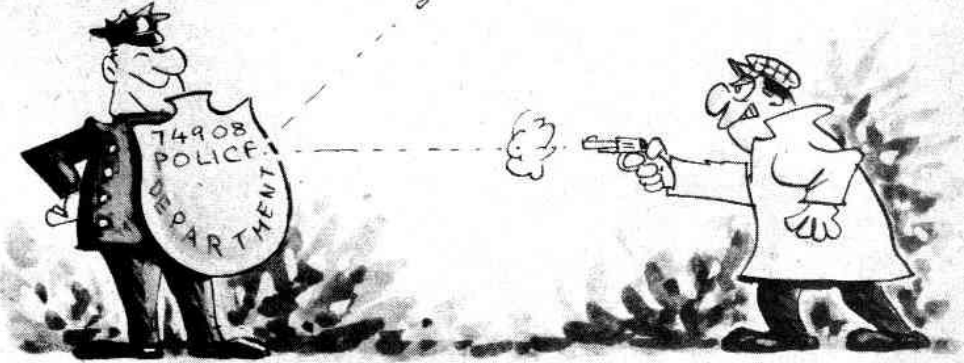
MORE SICK INVENTIONS **For The MODERN AGE**

by **B. WISEMAN**

POLICE BADGES THAT DO SOME GOOD!



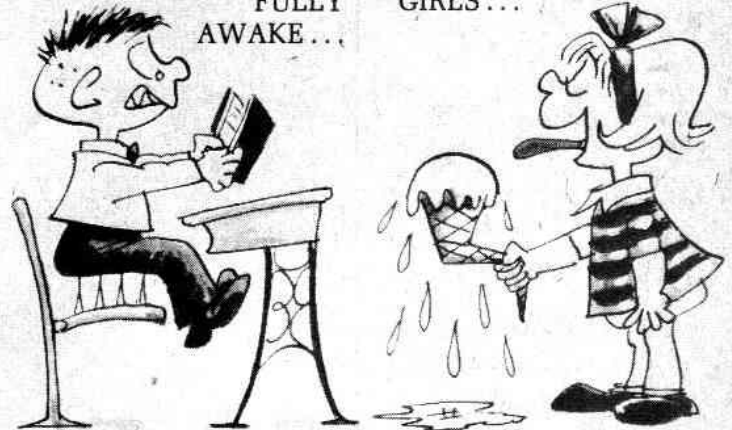
SAFER HELMETS
FOR SOLDIERS...



SCHOOL CHAIR
TO KEEP SLEEPY
STUDENTS
FULLY
AWAKE...

ICE CREAM CONES
THAT DON'T DRIP
ON NEAT LITTLE
GIRLS...

PENCIL THAT
DOESN'T GET
SHARPENED
DOWN TO A
STUB IN
A HURRY...

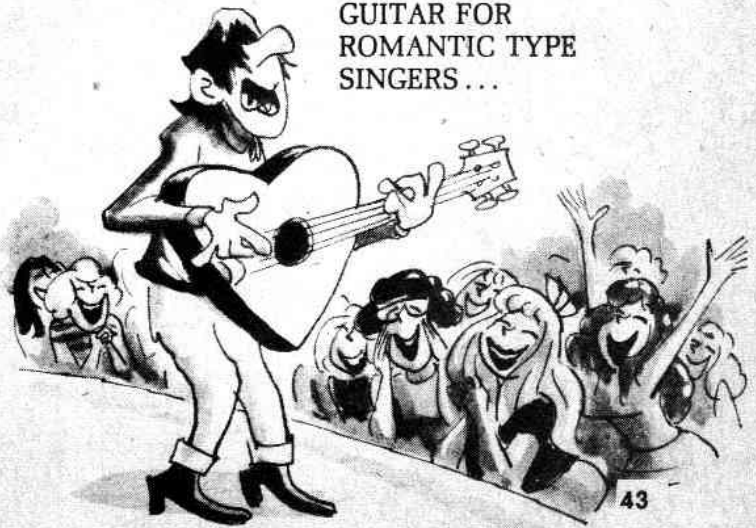


RING LIGHTS FOR
NEWLY ENGAGED GIRLS...

DIAMOND STUDED
HAND CUFFS TO REDUCE
FEMALE RESISTANCE...



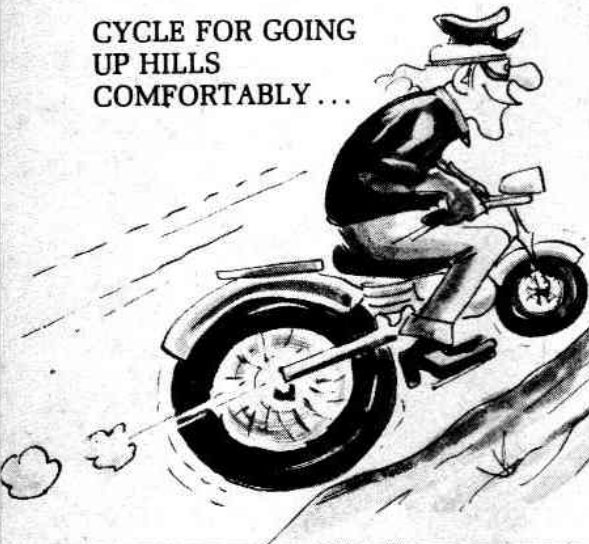
GUITAR FOR
ROMANTIC TYPE
SINGERS...



MOTORCYCLES FOR POPULAR BOYS...



CYCLE FOR GOING
UP HILLS
COMFORTABLY...

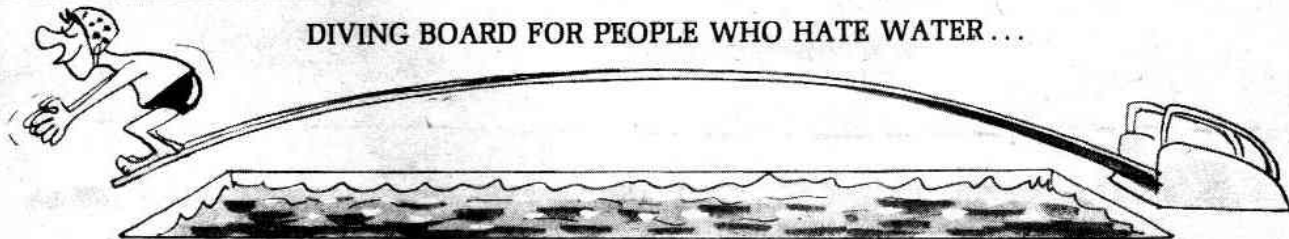


CYCLE FOR GOING
DOWN HILLS
COMFORTABLY...



Hell hath no fury as a woman unadorned.

DIVING BOARD FOR PEOPLE WHO HATE WATER...



GUITAR FOR HEALTHY
GIRL SINGERS...



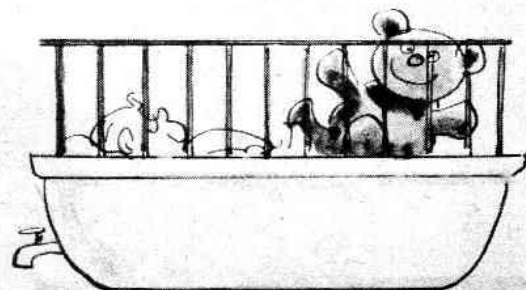
UMBRELLA FOR
WIFE WHO HATES THE
SMELL OF PIPE SMOKE...



FALSE TEETH FOR
NEW BABIES...



CRIB FOR CHILDREN WHO ARE
NOT TOILET-TRAINED...



THE HOSPITAL

WARNING:

by
FRED WOLFE

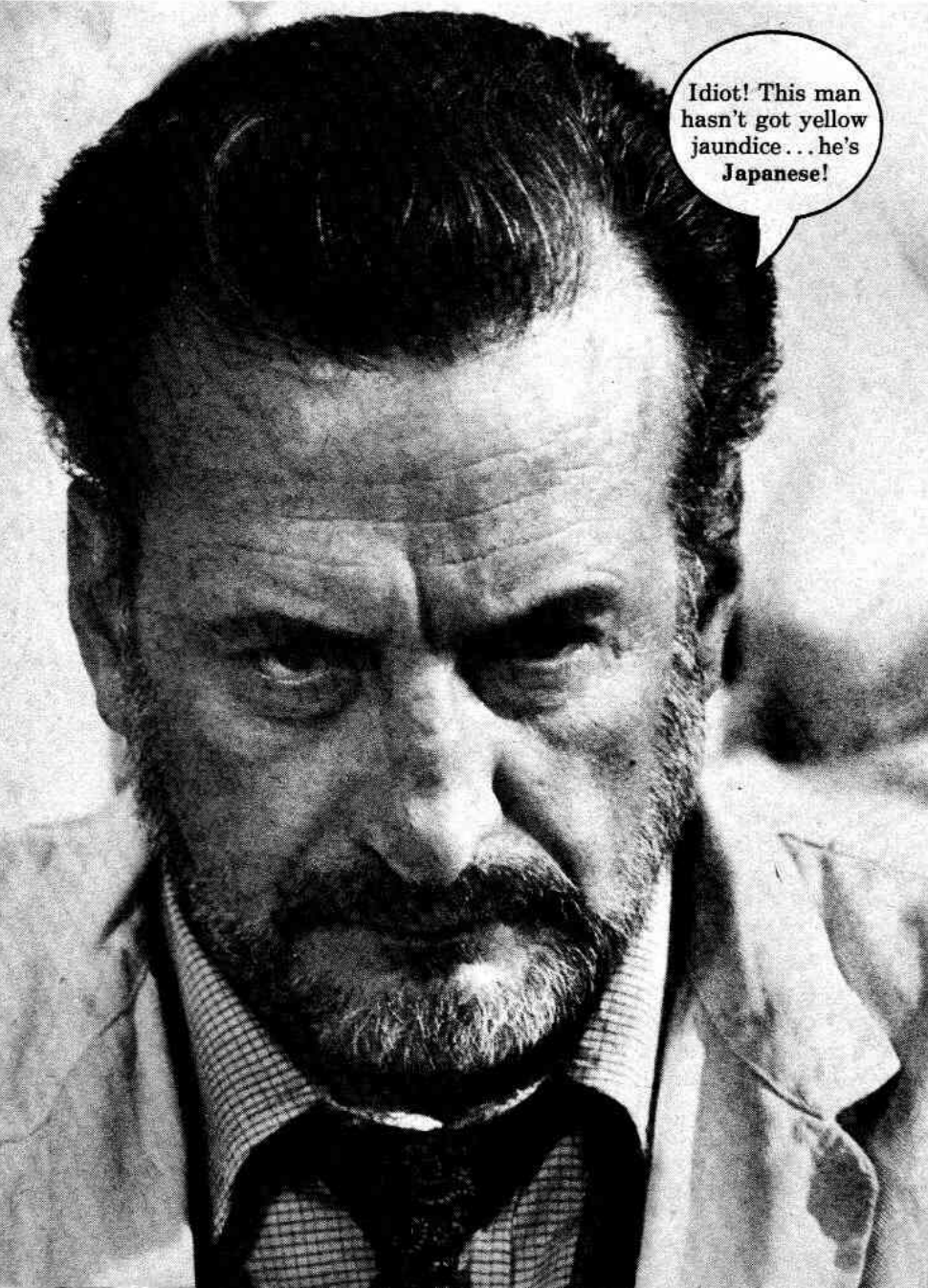
This is a movie full of blood and guts and lots of gore. And these are only the love scenes—the hospital scenes are even more grotesque! In fact, the movie is so shocking and violent that an epileptic fit is thrown in the middle for comedy relief! It's definitely not for weak stom-

achs. For weak minds, maybe. It contains material that is decidedly not suitable for children, or anybody else for that matter! This is because seeing *The Hospital* can make you sick. Which is what you'll get anyway after reading this review of it...

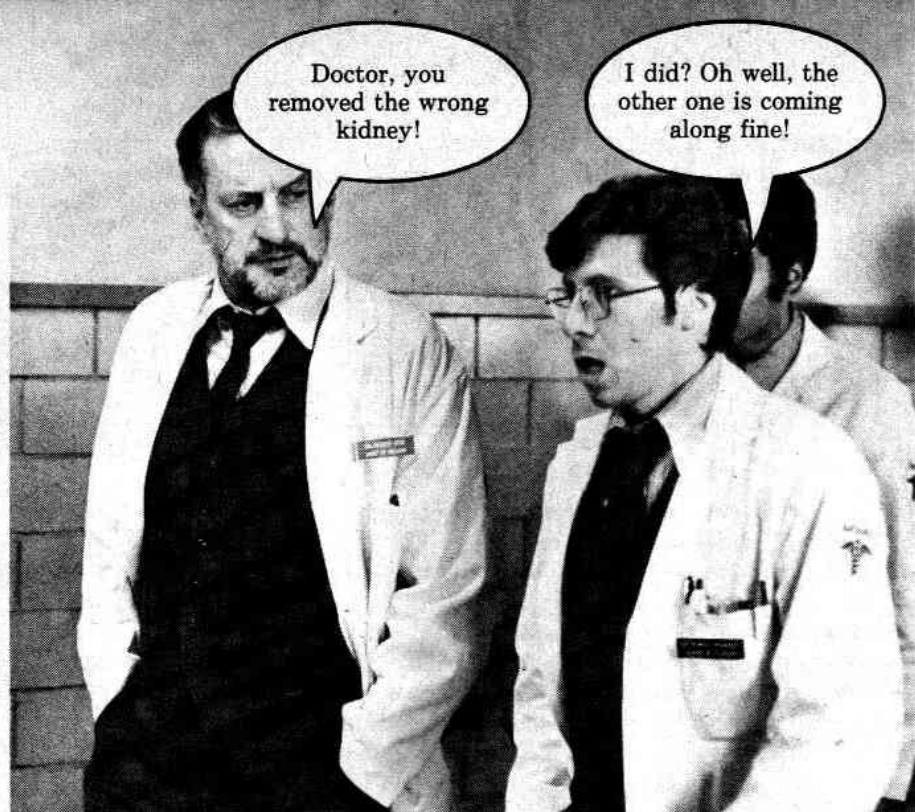


George C. Scott does it again! This time in the corridors of "The Hospital." Next time however, they're gonna make him use the Mens' Room! He didn't win "The Oscar" for this performance, but he's a cinch to cop the "Golden Bedpan" award. Scott plays a doctor who hits the bottle regularly. We wouldn't say what he drinks is strong, but the bottle hits back! Although wed for many years, his marriage is on the rocks—which is exactly how he likes it. It isn't made clear whether he's drinking to drown his sorrows, or to get up enough nerve to drown his wife, who's a real brawl-breaker. Scott also has lost his two kids—but plans to get them back in the next crap game. Not only that, he's so despondent he plans to commit suicide. He's going to do this in a novel way—by opening a hamburger stand in Harlem called "Whitey's."

Back to the story of *The Hospital*—where the doctors are shown busily taking out livers, tongues, kidneys—and other sandwiches from the delicatessen next door. Tragedy strikes right off, as they remember the plasma, but forget the mustard! All the while they completely ignore the patients, some of whom are in cardiac arrest. Others however, are in house arrest—as they've tried to kill these doctors. In the Outpatient Department, the patients are in, but the doctors are out—playing golf. And so the place is a mad-house. The only way you can tell the patients from the doctors is if they're lying in bed nude and groaning. These are the doctors! And so, robbed of their confidence (and their life-savings) the patients' faith is shaken. And if you think the patients are shaken, you should see the hands of the



Idiot! This man hasn't got yellow jaundice... he's Japanese!



doctors doing the surgery!

"Nurse! Nurse!" A cry of urgency resounds through the wards. No, not from a patient in pain, from a doctor in need of female companionship! It's young Doctor Schaefer, affectionately known as "Super Stud." In fact, Schaefer has become such a love-machine legend that the nurses have dedicated their own version of a singing commercial to him: "Schaefer is the one doc to have, when you're having more than one!" Finally, after having a ball with every broad in the ward, Schaefer has his dearest wish fulfilled—to die in bed. Only complication is, it takes the doctors three days to get the smile off his face!

Meanwhile, Scott, fighting his suicidal tendencies, decides to go to the staff psychiatrist. This nut has a sign in his office: "Sectional Couches for Split Personalities." And so, George begins to suspect this guy. In fact, he wonders if he even is a guy—especially when the psychiatrist whips out two long hypodermic needles and starts knitting a sweater. But help is soon in sight. And what a sight she is! Namely, beautiful Diana Rigg in a mini-skirt who, inside of five minutes, propositions Scott—talk about your bedside manner! Only poor George has this whacky obsession about

being physically unable to make out with the ladies. All night long he keeps crying: "I'm impotent! I'm impotent! I'm impotent!" And three times, Diana proves to George just how wrong he is! Yes, this gorgeous broad restores George's will to love, as well as live. Man, that's what's known as a **wonder drug**! And so, everybody is now happy. George gets a great new view on life, and the audience gets some great nude views of Diana.

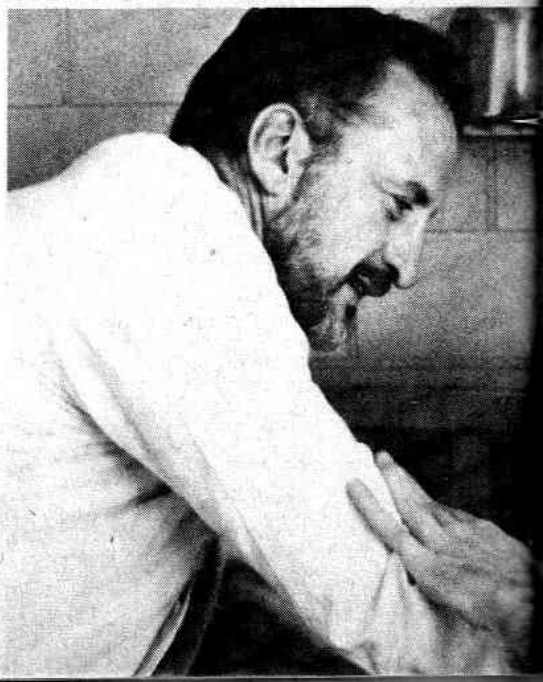
Trouble soon rears its ugly head however, and now it's Diana who has the problems. It seems that her father came to the hospital to have a hangnail removed, and some incompetent clod of a doctor named Wellback has practically turned him into a basket case with his chopping-block surgery. After all, who removes a pancreas and a kidney to get to a finger? Scott wants to bring Wellback up on charges. But well-to-do-Wellback isn't phased. Upon hearing the word "charges," he merely tells George to put everything on his credit-card.

As the story unfolds, Wellback himself had been a patient in the same hospital—having had a successful heart transplant. What they did was take out his heart and replace it with a cash register. The secret of Dr. Wellback's amazing success, despite his lack of

medical talent, is all due to his X-Raying—namely, the patient's wallet. That, and checking his pulse-rate, blood-count and most important of all—his Dun & Bradstreet rating.

Although George doesn't go along with Diana's plan to restore her father's health, he lets her bring in a consulting physician—an Apache Witch-Doctor—who is fierce and proud—but not too proud to make teepee-calls. Since medical science has failed to get a rise out of Diana's coma-stricken dad, the Apache is asked to treat him. And right away, he shows results—he cures the patient of the trouble with his scalp. He even manages to bring back some color to the old man's cheeks. This he does after dipping some feathers and claws into a pan of hot water. This remedy quickly catches on in the wards where they serve it as **chicken soup**!

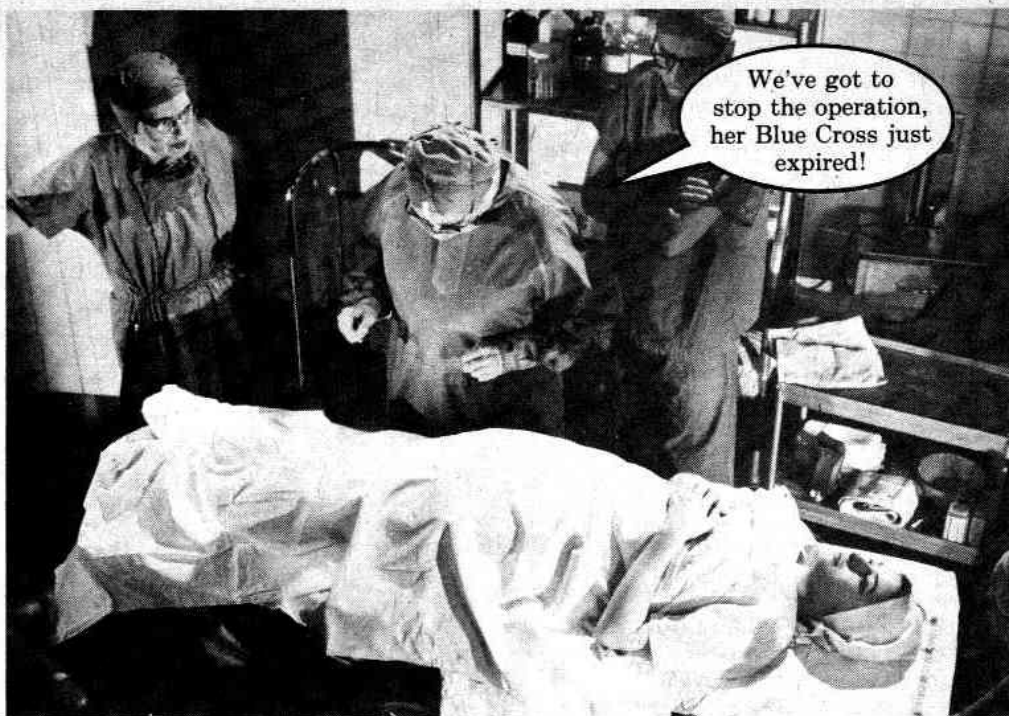
Meanwhile the hospital is in its usual state of bedlam—it seems those in bed want to take it on the **lam**! The nurses are really something. Whenever they hear a patient cry out in pain, they respond instantly with large amounts of cotton—which they immediately stuff in their ears. The patients get their revenge when a member of the medical staff is mysteriously killed. What they do is soak him in a tub of Jergen's Lotion until he **softens** to death. When other hospital members are unexplainably found murdered however, there seems to be no doubt that a phantom killer is on the



loose. Either that, or someone has come up with a novel solution to the overpopulation problem.

Furthermore, outside this Harlem-based hospital, protesters are marching around a ghetto building across the street that has recently been evacuated—by the rats! The hospital intends to construct a drug-addiction center there, but the chief-of-staff, Dr. Timothy Leary, has taken a dose of his own medicine and can't be reached. The crowd keeps shouting: "Black is beautiful—but not on the sheets, bandages and blankets!" Then follows a list of grievances a mile long, this dealing with the inferior medical service, the botched operations and the incompetent treatments. This is bad enough—but coming from the doctors?

Inside the hospital, volunteers are busy doing chores like rolling the bandages while muggers are busy doing chores like "rolling" the volunteers. Now the patients are dropping like flies—and the flies are dropping too—after eating from the patients' food. Scott soon takes over by gathering a group of inexperienced interns to make the rounds with him. You can tell that these interns are pretty green, for when George tells them they're going to the operating "theatre," they all want popcorn and ask what's playing. George tries his best to imbue idealism and dedication in the young doctors by telling them to look even higher for the beautiful things in life. This they do—look-



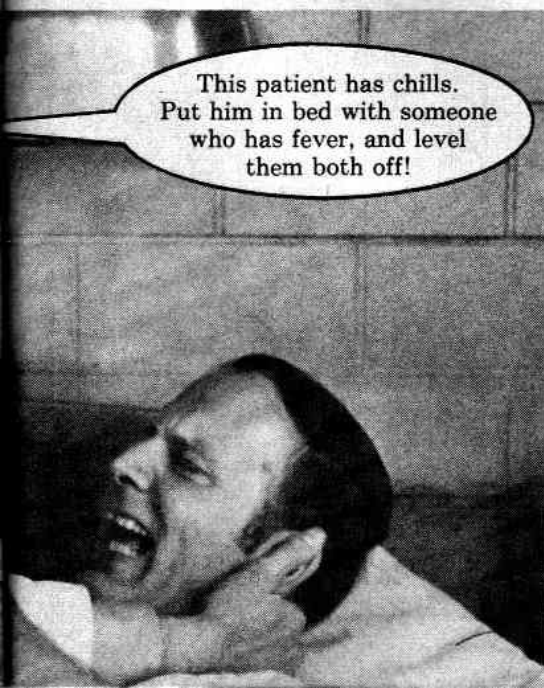
ing ever higher—as the nurses in short skirts go climbing up the staircases.

In the operating room, the usual goof-up is in progress. The chief surgeon has just amputated two legs—from the *operating table*. This guy is a fanatic for alcohol rubs—from the *inside*! The patient is finally wheeled in and painted with iodine. There's a hint that the doctors aren't taking this operation seriously, however as they are painting a target on the patient's back and distributing darts! The operation proceeds on schedule though. But just at the crucial moment, the surgeon takes off his mask and quits. No, the patient's heart hasn't stopped—his Blue Cross insurance has just run out.

Right about here, Diana Rigg lays down an ultimatum. And George, being a gentleman, picks it up and hands it back to her. Diana wants George to accompany her and her father to Arizona where the air is crisp and clear. But George, being a New Yorker, figures he would choke to death breathing air that wasn't polluted. Besides, he tells her: "I don't trust any air that I can't see!" While all this is going on, a gang of protesters break in and try to take over the hospital. But after surveying the mess the place is in, they decide they wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole. Who, inci-

dentally is their leader—a huge basket-ball player named Pulaski.

Although Diana Rigg was a big hit in the British television series "The Avengers," it finally turns out that the only real avenger in the place is her nutty father. Seems he has been quietly knocking off members of the hospital staff while pretending to be in a coma. What he's been doing is avenging the killings of the patients by the doctors! Sort of an electric-eye for an eye! His luck holds good, as the only man who knows this, Dr. Wellback, has a heart attack and dies. They're sure Wellback is dead when he fails to respond to hot-lips Diana giving him the sexiest mouth-to-mouth resuscitation in film history—one that would make a thousand-year-old mummy strip off its bandages. The movie ends in an extreme act of nobility as George sends Diana and her father back to their missionary work on an Indian reservation. Diana doesn't think this is noble however, as the reservation is in Bangladesh. And so, after chucking Diana in favor of this hospital, it's George that needs a reservation—and he gets one at Bellevue's Mental Ward. As George is being strapped in a straight jacket he can be heard murmuring: "I can't believe I acted this who-o-le thing..."

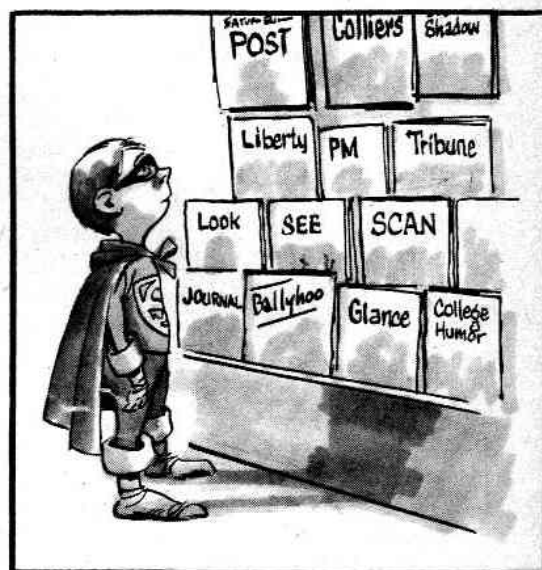
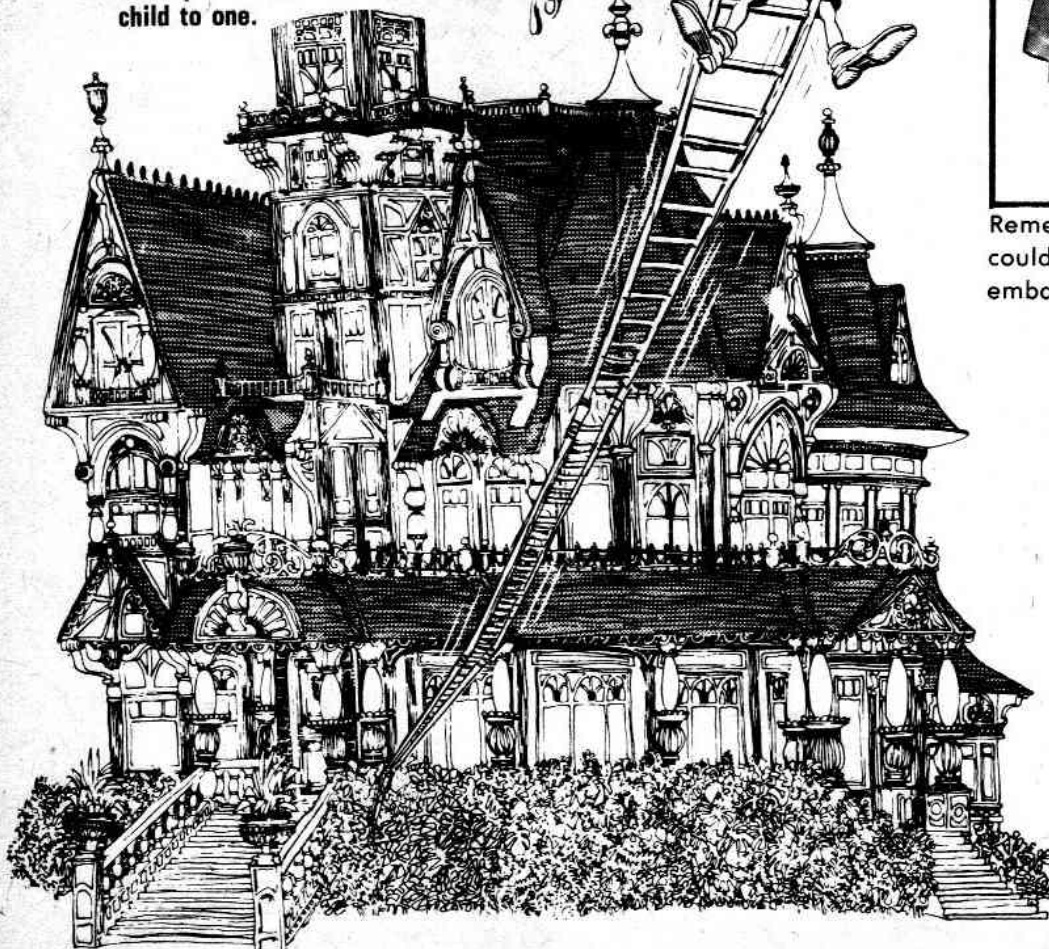


Nowadays everybody talks about the "good old days"—the time of ice-cream parlors, five-cent trolley rides, I-Cash-Clothes men. But nobody ever talks about the "bad old things" from the good old days—leaky fountain pens, refrigerator pans, cod-liver oil. Which causes SICK to ask the question...

HOW GOOD WERE

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

- you didn't have any garbage on the streets because people were too poor to throw anything away.
- you could walk the streets at night without fear but there was noplac to go as nobody had any money.
- kids didn't die of overdoses as there was no drug addiction but they did die of polio and pneumonia.
- there were no riots at colleges but nobody could afford to send their child to one.



Remember the good old days when you could look at a magazine rack without being embarrassed by pictures of naked ladies?

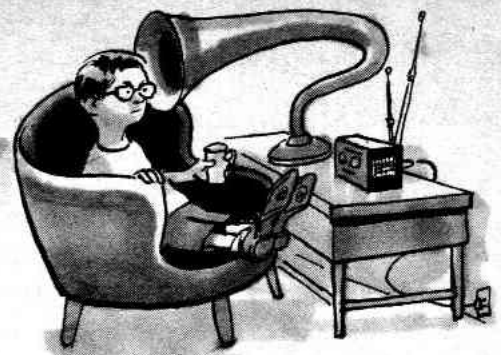


Remember the good old days when you didn't have all that hair on your head, so you came on more presentable-looking?

Remember the good old days when you didn't need drugs to get high because you got there with your own ingenuity?

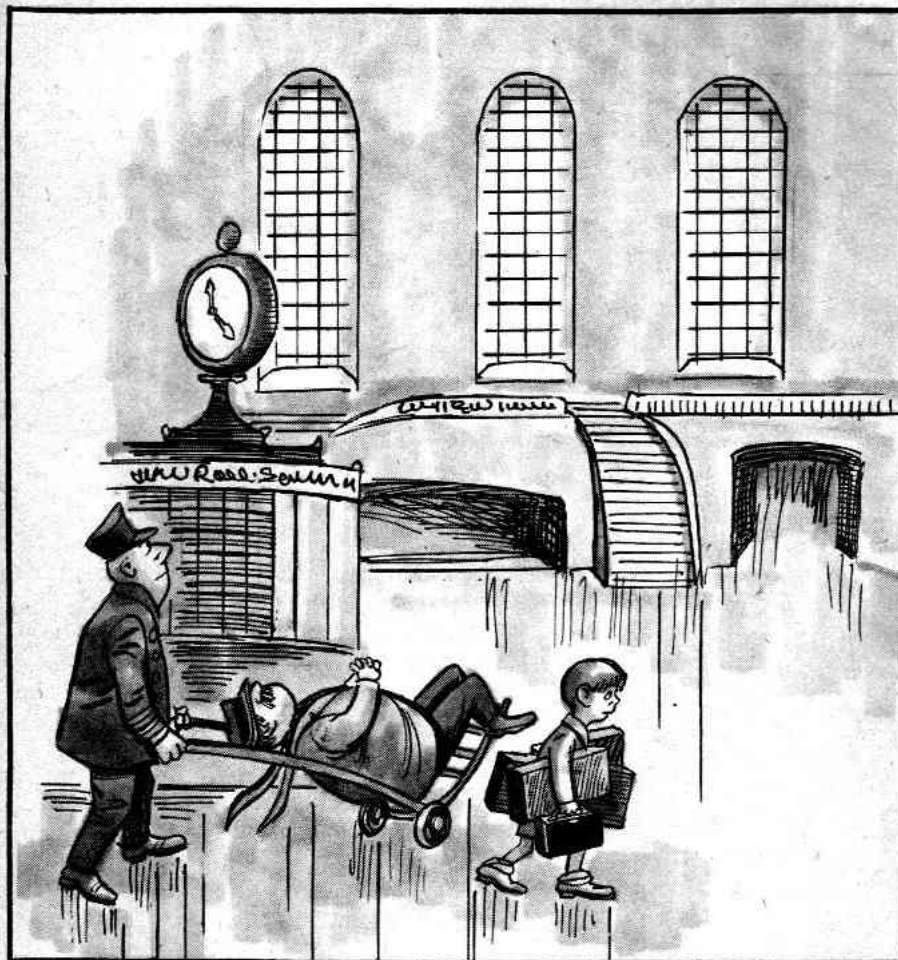


Remember the good old days when you could walk to school instead of having to stand there waiting for the bus?



Remember the good old days when you didn't have to sit around all day watching that evil contraption called television?

OLD DAYS?



Remember the good old days when fathers were respected and you pitched in with the family chores whenever it was necessary?



Remember the good old days when you didn't have to go to the store to buy apples, but could buy them right on your corner?

Remember the Good Old Days when . . .

... you sweat in the summer and froze in the winter because there was no air conditioning or central heating?

... you were shown all those great movie serials where it took you over 38 weeks to see the entire show?

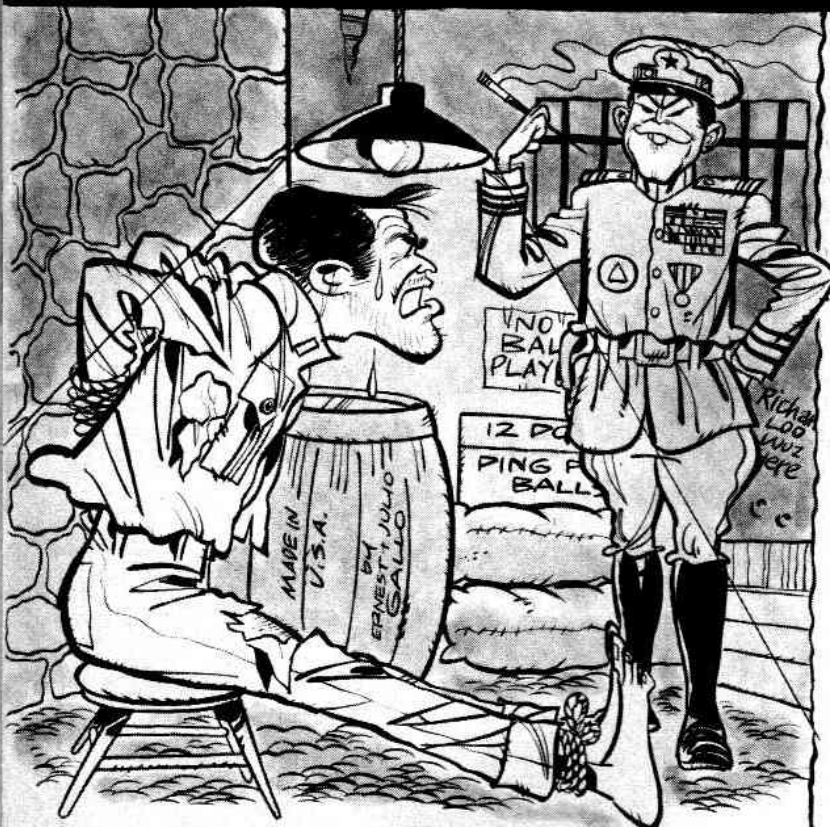
... you didn't have the dentist stick needles in your gums, but had him put ether over your face instead?

... you didn't have to fuss and bother with washers and dryers and happily did all your laundry by hand?

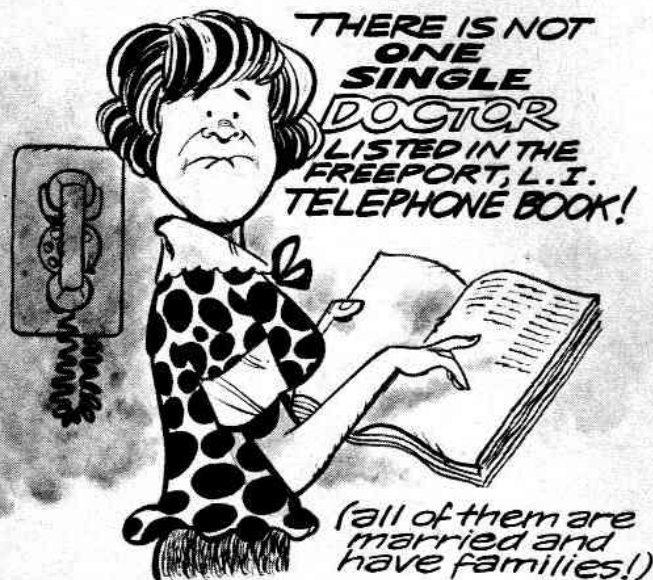
... you had marvelous cures for whatever ailed you, like mustard plasters, castor oils and Grandma's herbs?

... you went on a diet not because you were overweight or anything, but because your father couldn't make a living?

SICK as it seems ^{by} LANGTON'S



Despite grueling torture by the Vietcong, **LT. HOMER SLOFAKIS** of KANSAS CITY, a captured American U-2 pilot, **COULD NOT BE MADE TO TALK!!!** (he did however, give away all of his secrets by writing them down!)



(all of them are married and have families!)

SICK ODDITY:
NO FAMOUS MEN WERE EVER BORN IN THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES!!!
(...ONLY BABIES)

WEARING NO DIVING GEAR WHATSOEVER...
Atlantic City's own

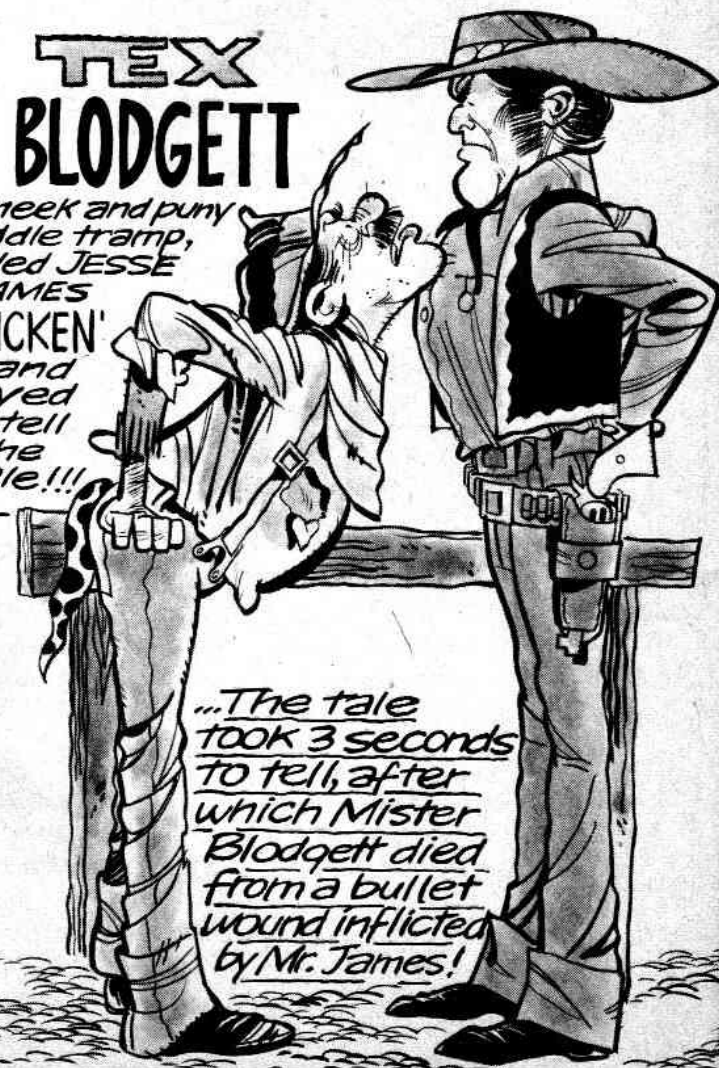
HILDA GLUTZ

STAYED UNDER-WATER FOR **NINE CONSECUTIVE MINUTES** BEFORE SURFACING!!!

(Poor girl was dead when they fished her out!)

TEX BLODGETT

a meek and puny saddle tramp, called **JESSE JAMES 'CHICKEN'** ...and lived to tell the tale!!!



...The tale took 3 seconds to tell, after which Mister Blodgett died from a bullet wound inflicted by Mr. James!

I'm Zelda.
Fly me to Miami.



It's cheaper than taking a plane!

BONUS CUTOUTS

SICK

MISCHIEF STICKERS

- STICK 'EM WHERE THEY HURT THE MOST -

**KEEP
ON THE
GRASS**

**THROW
YOUR
GARBAGE
HERE**

**FEED
THE
ANIMALS**

**DO NOT
KNOCK
BEFORE
ENTERING**